

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. LAFAYETTE,

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179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Arthur Grosvenor	65, 68
Waters Ancient and Modern	66
Country Notes	67
Piers the Ploughman: Then and Now. (Illustrated)	69
The Earldom of Landaff. (Illustrated)	70
On the Green	72
Cycling Notes. (Illustrated)	72
Famous Public Schools: Harrow. (Illustrated)	73
True Shikar Stories by a Woman	70
Bee-keeping: A Pursuit for Ladies. (Illustrated)	77
Crossing the Rubicon. (Illustrated)	78
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	79
Gardens Old and New: Elvaston Castle—II. (Illustrated)	80
Books of the Day: A Revelation of Childhood	83
The Cottage Gardens of England. (Illustrated)	84
The Mottisfont Eagles and Their Master. (Illustrated)	86
Close of the British Whale Fishery	88
Notes for the Table: Some Suggestions for Cooking Vegetables	90
Pot-Pourri from Pall Mall	90
Between the Flags	91
In Town: "School"	92
Dramatic Notes	93
Rifles and Pistols	93
Over Field and Furrow	94
An Example for the Lambing Season. (Illustrated)	95
Correspondence	95
Photographic Competition	96

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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WATERS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

IN the planet Mars, an older, and therefore more desiccated world than ours, there is reason to suppose that the chief problem of the good folks who dwell there is their water supply. It seldom rains, and it therefore becomes incumbent on them to make the very most, by canals and storage, of the water given them by the summer-tide melting of the ice-caps at their poles. Planets age slowly, but it really does seem as if something of the same desiccating process were afflicting us, though by fate's irony it is raining at the moment of writing as if it never meant to stop. But it will stop, we are convinced of that—fully convinced that it will stop very long before it has made up to us any considerable proportion of that deficiency of rainfall which has amounted, in our Southern Counties, to some 12in. or even 15in.—according to the exact locality in which the measure is taken—during the last five years. This is a deficiency which is really very serious. Over and over again in these columns we have impressed on our readers the necessity of looking the matter squarely in the face, and at last it really does appear that England is awaking to the state of opinion which commonly expresses itself by the rather pitiful phrase, "Something must be done."

Something must be done: there is no doubt of it; for though the windows of heaven are open just now, and even though the surface of the ground for a month past has been in a condition of abundant moisture especially favourable for the soaking of the water down into the secret sources of the springs, still those sources are far from fully replenished. The springs in the Southern Counties, even now, in the middle of January, are running only at about half-rate. And surely we have had our full share of that rough, squally weather which, as we are commonly told, has so much to do with causing the springs to break. If a man doubts it, let him ask the first friend he meets who happens to be engaged in the underwriting business at Lloyd's. The list of shipping casualties is heartrending enough.

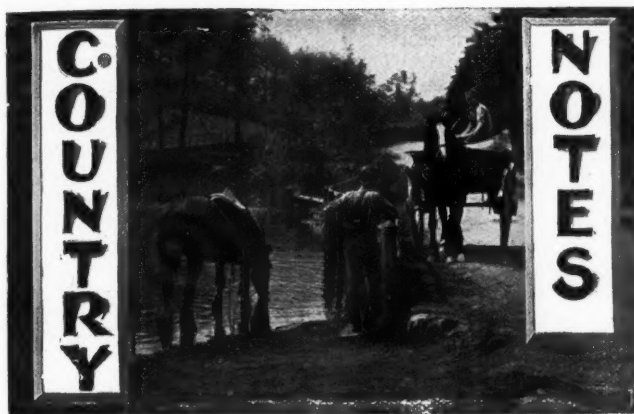
But something must be done. Not only is the statement a truism; it is even a truism on which action is being taken. Something is being done. But what? The contemplation of the steps that are being taken, in this matter of our water supply, immediately opens our eyes to an anomaly of the law of England which is crying for redress every day more eloquently. It is a principle, we believe, of the law of England, that a man's freehold property in land extends to everything that is above his piece of freehold until he comes to heaven, and everything below it until he comes to Australia. That is to say, he may dig, whether for water or nuggets, as deep down below his own freehold as he pleases; though he may not, we believe, follow the seam of his coal under another man's property. But there is also another principle of the law of England, that is colloquially expressed by the jingle:

"He that takes what isn't his'n,
When he's cotched, he goes to prison."

This, in one form or another, is fairly well recognised by most reasonable folk. Yet this taking of "what isn't his'n" seems to be exactly the principle that is being followed by those who are putting into practical effect the statement that "something must be done." When a man has had a well that has supplied him with good water for years, he surely has acquired some kind of right to the water that is in that well. That water has, in fact, become "his'n." But there comes along another man, a stronger than he, and he buys the next bit of ground and digs another well, a deeper and a bigger, perhaps within 50yds. of the former well, and takes away—"what isn't his'n"—all the water out of that well and leaves the owner of it dry. Surely this is a hard case. The older inhabitant has been at the pains of digging his well and finding his water. He has found an abundant supply, and behold another man comes and takes it from him. And yet the other man does not go to prison—not a bit of it. He has transgressed no jot or tittle of the law. What then is the inference? That the law is at fault.

The law is at fault in the matter—there can be no question of it. The law of the land (or of the water) requires amendment. Surely that law is not going to tell us that the water is such a liquid, intangible thing that it can make no property of it. The law makes property of a man's light. If a man's neighbour builds a house that excludes the light of heaven from his windows, he has a claim for compensation for "Ancient Lights." And so, too, he should have a claim for "Ancient Waters." It is not private individuals, digging their private little wells, that really are the great offenders, though we have taken the concrete instance as the most illustrative. Rather it is the great water companies—dreadful doings are on hand in the beautiful county of Hertfordshire even at this moment, doings that threaten to take "what isn't their'n" from many a private man's well. These are the people that help to create the drought on a big scale, and these are the folk who should be made to pay compensation to little people. The compensation for "Ancient Lights" gives an excellent suggestion for the *modus operandi*. We should like to see a Parliamentary Committee, with all its business marked "Urgent," appointed to discuss the details of some such scheme as soon as Parliament reassembles.

At the same time, be it said, we are far from holding the country-folk altogether blameless for the severe failure of their water supply in the past summer. Where tens are being robbed, hundreds of their own fault are letting good water run away to waste. It is probable that the reservoirs that supply our deep springs will never be refilled until we have another real "white winter"—a winter when the world is for a month or more under a white mantle of snow perpetually melting and soaking down into the depths; but in the meantime we see the surface water in the winter months rushing down every glen and every dyke in the neighbourhood of villages that were buying water by the pailful and even by the tumblerful in the summer. And when we see such a thing as that, then indeed we are obliged to join in the chorus, "Something must be done"—reservoirs must be formed—we must think of the prudent people in Mars. By whom it should be done—Parish Council, or District, or County—we must leave wiser heads to settle. Only of this we are certain, that in these days of surface drainage and light rainfall some scheme of saving the surface water becomes imperative, and that he whose "Ancient Waters" are stolen from him should be able to claim some compensation.



QUITE recently, in connection with the death of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, an acute observer was heard to remark that there was something distinctly significant in the fact that these great princes of finance had invested large sums of money in English estates and little money in continental land. That meant, of course, that the wisest representatives of the shrewdest race in the world were satisfied concerning the stability of English institutions and the honesty of the English temperament. There is no fear of an anti-Semitic movement in England, and England occasionally has its reward. The princely bequest made by the late Baron to the British Museum is a case in point. Those happy persons who knew Waddesdon were well aware of the extraordinary interest, beauty, and value of the treasures collected there, in the smoking-room for the most part. Every object was beautiful, almost every article had a curious history. And now these priceless things have become the property of the nation, and the Waddesdon room at the British Museum will be a thing which no continental gallery or museum can hope to rival.

To attempt to particularise the many things of beauty which thus become a part of our national heritage is impossible in these notes. An article on the subject, although it partook largely of the bald nature of a catalogue, occupied some two columns of the *Times*. One knows not which of the countless treasures will be examined with most delight. But perhaps the most curious and interesting of the relics is an oval glass cup of the same type as the "Luck of Eden-hall." Of this we learn "that it has been mounted in silver-gilt and embossed with fleurs-de-lys, and the family story accounts for the cup and its mounting by recording that it was won by an ancestor at the Crusades in a game of cards with the King of France."

We are indebted to the Master of the "South Unions" for pointing out an error into which we were led some little time ago by an Irish correspondent. In our issue of December 31st we referred to an alleged case of poisoning of the hounds of the "South Unions." That calamity, we are happy to say, has not occurred; but our joy is clouded by the fact that, after all, some hounds were poisoned, to wit, those of the United Hunt.

Last week, while hunting with the East Galway Hounds, Mrs. Potts, a lady well known with that hunt, had a very disagreeable experience. She was thrown from her horse into a bog-hole fully roft deep, with steep slippery sides, which effectively prevented her climbing out. If it had not been that the riderless horse was noticed, the lady would have succumbed, as she was much exhausted, and could not have kept afloat much longer.

The demand for small plots of land shows no signs of abatement. Some time ago we had to record the sale of a small estate in South Lincolnshire at a high price per acre. Last week another small estate was sold in the same neighbourhood, which realised about £45 an acre. This was arable land, and the price secured is only another indication of the confidence which has to a certain extent returned to agriculture. And this confidence cannot be lessened by the present outlook. The only danger is that the season may be too forward, and that the crops, which are already showing themselves, may develop an over-luxuriance of growth, which may be checked later on.

Possibly all readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* may not be aware how completely the business of arranging for a ball may be taken off their hands by any of the big furnishing places. This does not only apply to arrangements for the supper, band, and so on, but to the erection of a temporary wooden structure to serve as ballroom, and of the connecting passages between the temporary building and the house. Of course, it entails a certain amount of post-driving into the turf, which wrings the

heart of every properly-organised gardener, but it is wonderful how successful these skilled people are in replacing the turf and quickly repairing all signs of their doings. And of the stability of these temporary erections we are able to speak with every confidence, for on two recent occasions, in the midst of the ferocious gales that have been afflicting us, we have danced merrily in these wooden structures, and they have not even seemed to rock. It is true that there were rumours, on one specially boisterous night, of gangs of men hanging on to the supporting ropes of the corner beams, but we saw nothing of them, and they may have been but a pleasing fiction.

When a dance is being given on a small scale, that merely requires the temporary storage of some cabinets and tables where they will be out of the dancers' way, an excellent plan is to have a furniture-van driven to the house, wherein the spare furniture may be housed for the night, and space be thus secured for the dancers' comfort. When the dancing is finished the furniture can be put back in its place, and by breakfast-time (not likely to be a very early hour) on the morning after the dance there may be no indications that all this dislocation has ever taken place.

A correspondent writes: "Mention has been made in one or two newspapers of the dramatic entertainment lately organised by Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh at Ugbrooke Park, their seat in Devonshire, but assuredly the writers of the paragraphs were not present at the performances; had they been they would have written at greater length and with more enthusiasm. I did witness the performances, and I am able to say with truth that both pieces were really admirably performed. G. W. Godfrey's 'Parvenu' was the first piece, and in that Sir Fulke Pettigrew was very cleverly impersonated by Mr. de la Pasture, while Lord Clifford of Chudleigh himself played the humorous part of Mr. Ledger, M.P., to perfection. The Honourable Charles Tracey of Sir William Lawrence Young was extremely well done, and Mr. Helmuth Schwartz played the rôle of Claude Glynne in his customary style, which is always excellent. Lady Clifford of Chudleigh as Lady Pettigrew was seen to the best advantage, and Lady Young as Gwendolen Pettigrew evoked considerable applause, while Mrs. de la Pasture in the part of Mary Ledger was more than delightful. 'The Dream Flower,' a fantasy by Miss Aimée Lowther, who is the sister of Miss Lowther, the famous fencer, followed, the music being by Mrs. L. Moncrieff. In this piece Miss Aimée Lowther herself was Pierrot, Miss Dickson Pierrette, and Miss Daniell was a sculptor. This too was excellently played, and Mr. Stanley Hawley accompanied with considerable skill. I may add that the performances took place in the little theatre which Lord and Lady Clifford built, adjoining Ugbrooke House, only last year, and at each performance the theatre was crowded, almost every county family in Devonshire being present on one night or the other."

This mild warm winter has been the most favourable for tree planting during the last twenty years. Frosts do great damage to newly-planted trees, especially to all kinds of firs and pines. Advantage has been taken of this on many estates to plant considerable areas with wood, and the nurserymen have been reaping a harvest for their young plants. So far the foreign system of planting for profit, and making thick plantations of mixed timber, is still out of favour. "Trees," or "coverts," not timber in the commercial sense, are what are wanted, or at any rate what the planters will get from the system most in favour. On some estates the owners frankly say that game coverts will pay them better, in their time, than timber which will not mature for years. This is a frank recognition of the growing value of sporting rights. On one estate of 2,000 acres with a good house, which the owner desires to let, but where there is little wood, coverts are being planted as rapidly as possible, "in order to let the house" by making the shooting really good instead of only moderate.

An Essex correspondent wrote recently to draw attention to the unusual behaviour of birds and fish before the gales and rains which have recurred more than once this winter. On the last occasion there was a great rise of temperature before the storm, and, though it had not begun to blow, birds and wild-fowl came far inland. In a park in the Colne Valley flocks of fieldfares came in and sat quite tame and quiet in the trees and on the grass. Numbers of sea-duck, as well as mallard and teal, dropped in on the lake and remained there during the next three days, though it was twenty miles from the sea. The eels came up from the mud and swam about near the surface, and "all the great pike came up from the deep water and lay bubbling and hissing with their lips close to the surface."

The discovery in Cumberland of an orchis not before found in this country, is a surprise even to those unfamiliar with the minute researches of field botanists in England. Mr. Herbert

Goss, the well-known botanist, was staying in Cumberland last summer, and there found a species of orchis growing plentifully in two or three bogs on the fells, about 1,000ft. above sea level, between Borrowdale and Watendlath. He thought the species was a very stunted form of *Orchis latifolia*, and therefore did not gather more than ten or twelve specimens. The plant was then submitted to Mr. R. A. Rolfe, who identified it with *Orchis cruenta*, a native of Eastern Norway, Central Sweden, and Finland. This view as to the species was subsequently confirmed at Kew, and specimens have been deposited there and in the British Museum. This orchis stands 8in. high, and has a spike of blood-red flowers 2in. long. The bogs in which it was found were little soaks on the mountain-side, often not more than a few yards across. Collectors whose plants lose their colours when dried may be interested to hear of a simple means for preserving the tints of most plants, this orchis among them. It is to soak them in a mixture of two-thirds sulphurous acid and one-third methylated spirit. The mixture at first bleaches them. They turn quite white. In about two months the colour begins to return, and in three months the leaves are once more green and the flowers regain their carmine tints.

Mr. A. E. Pease, M.P., whose notes on sport in the Aures Mountains recently appeared in these pages, has returned to the desert, and writes from Ghardaia, in the country of the Mozabites. Mrs. Pease has accompanied her husband, as on previous visits of his to this oddly attractive region of mountains and sands, and as usual, the French authorities have shown the utmost courtesy and attention to the travellers, though much puzzled at their liking for this wild desert life. Part of their journey has been over ground not yet visited by English travellers, away from the caravan roads. After reaching Bon Saada in November, they passed some time in the last ranges of the Atlas, and then went by the usual route to Guerrara. Thence across the desert to the isolated little nation and country of the Mozabites. "It is curious," Mr. Pease writes, "to find a thriving community in the immense wastes we have covered. I have had no sport, as the country produces little in that way. We saw gazelle only thrice in twenty-two days, and only shot twice, two gazelles being my total bag."

A very curious and interesting question has been raised by Mr. Panmure Gordon in the Scotch Courts, and has been decided against him. Mr. Gordon had bought the collie dog Southfield Rightaway for £100, and, so far as we can gather from a somewhat meagre report, he complained later that the dog's ears, in order to obtain the proper carriage, had been "faked." That is to say, they had been admittedly weighted with gelatine lozenges during the period of puppydom. Therefore, Mr. Gordon asked Lord Stormont Darling to relieve him of his bargain, to order his £100 to be returned to him, and to give him £10 damages. The Court, however, found against him. In England, perhaps, a different decision might have been reached; but, on the whole, we are inclined to think that the judgment would have been the same. To use the knife to improve—or it may be better to write "alter"—the droop of a dog's ears is universally acknowledged to be illegitimate. To weight the ears temporarily is a proceeding standing on quite a different footing. We should hesitate, for example, to say that a reigning beauty was "faked" because she had been compelled to wear an ear-cap when she was a baby, lest her ears should project. Yet this is a common practice of the nursery, and it seems to us to be very nearly on all fours with Mr. Gordon's case.

There is a chance, it seems, of a cross-country running team crossing the water from America to run a match with the team that shall prove winner of the English championship. The proposal emanates from the New York Athletic Club, which has put the winning team for the United States cross-country championship into the field this year. We might suggest that the team should come over in the Oceanic, which seems, by all accounts, fully large enough to give space for exercise of wind and muscle such as should keep the most "beefy" athlete in fine training. Cross-country running is especially admirable among American sports, in that it cannot, by the very nature of things, lend itself to "gate-money" influences; but this very salutary fact about it makes it the more difficult to arrange a meeting of teams from across the Atlantic, in view of the considerable expense that such a meeting must entail. In any case, we hope the Americans may come. We cannot promise to beat them (our experience of international athletics with America has not tended to the increase of our national pride), but we can promise them a hearty welcome.

There are, of course, two ways of approaching a story. The fool is for ever troubling himself with the question whether the statements involved in the tale are true; the wise man puts that consideration on one side and has regard only to the question whether the tale is worth telling. It is in this latter spirit that

a report which comes from one of the quarries at Llanberis is worthy of repetition. There the slate quarries are worked in a series of galleries which rise, one upon another, like a gigantic purple staircase, each step being called a "ponc." Now it came to pass that a young quarryman, rejoicing in the name of Jones most likely, was engaged in setting fire to the fuse of a blasting charge when, by some accident or another, the whole charge became ignited. That was awkward, and worse than awkward, for the young man whose name might have been Jones. But Providence came to the rescue. The explosive might have dissembled its love by kicking Jones down stairs, in which case he would certainly have been smashed to pieces. Instead of that he was thrown upwards, and he landed neatly on the step above, with nothing more to complain of than some injuries about the head.

It is to be hoped that few foreign folk are familiar with the English language. If this hope is vain, some French and Swiss people must lately have acquired peculiar notions as to the manners to be found among some English tourists who professed and called themselves gentlemen and ladies. A certain company of these who were previously strangers to each other chanced to be gathered together at an hotel in France, where were also French and Germans. Some "soft nothings" may have passed between young men and maidens, just by way of passing time. On the morning of the day on which a portion of the party was to leave a notice was nailed up in the hall containing an "official list of the engagements" made in the course of the visit. Here were set down the names, opposite each other, of the young men and women who had been seen together, and there was added an intimation that these marriages would be solemnised "for nothing" by a parson who chanced to be among the party, he not being privy to this piece of insolent vulgarity. Such is the size that the plant of English humour can attain in foreign soil.

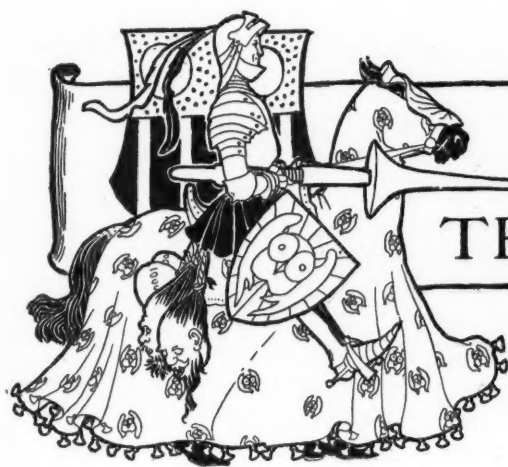
Unpleasant experience has lately taught even the "average Englishman" some hard lessons about the cost of a year or two of drought, but the reckoning of the cost in our Australian colonies dwarfs into nothingness any little suffering that we may have undergone. Twenty millions of sheep, nearly three hundred thousand horses, and half that number of cattle, is the estimated loss from drought in New South Wales during the last two or three dry years. In money value the cost is reckoned at anything between twelve and twenty millions, a wide enough margin, in faith, yet an estimate that, taken at the lowest, is devastating enough. But the colonies have faith in themselves. This sober, but appalling, array of figures does not discourage the statistician from prophesying the probability that a cycle of rainy years is at hand which will make up in a measure for those that have gone before. With all our heart we may wish him justified of his good hope.

It is curious that the heavier lands in the Eastern Counties have done a deal better, relatively, than the light soils in the way of the partridge crop this year. Perhaps one would do better to say that it is significant, rather than curious—a sign of the dry weather that we enjoyed, or suffered under, in the summer. In any case it is the heavy lands—those lands that keep such moisture as is given us—that have done the better, relatively speaking. One says relatively, because of course partridges on the light lands, other things being equal, always thrive so very much better than on the clay; and the wonder is rather that the clay lands in Cambridgeshire, Essex, and a section of Suffolk carry the stock of partridges that they do.

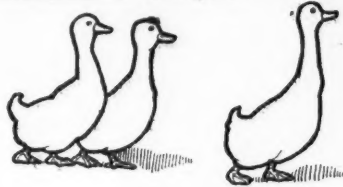
In Essex the fields that have gone out of cultivation, and unfortunately they are not few in this time of agricultural depression, give the partridges some good covert. One has fallen so into the way of speaking of "agricultural depression," as if it were part of the naturally ordained order of things, that one is apt to forget the bumper harvests of this year and the bumper prices of wheat. But, as bad luck would have it, the bottom fell out of the boom in wheat before the harvest was gathered, and the farmer has relapsed into that normal condition of despondency out of which he was startled to find himself roused by rumours of wars and war prices.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week represents Lady Arthur Grosvenor, wife of Lord Arthur Grosvenor, eldest son of the Duke of Westminster. She is the daughter of the late Sir Robert Sheffield, of Normanby, Lincolnshire, fifth Baronet, and the sister of Sir Berkeley Digby George Sheffield, the present Baronet. The house of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor is Broxton, Cheshire.



PIERS THE PLOUGHMAN.



"WHO drives fat oxen should himself be fat." The maxim has outlived the ancient custom it refers to; for in nine counties out of ten oxen are beasts of draught no longer. But as we have more than once shown in these pages the ox-wain and the ox-plough still at work, we will pass from the beast to the man, and endeavour to see the latter as he is now, and as he was just 500 years ago, in the days of the Plantagenets, when oxen were the universal beast of burden on the farm.

If anyone doubts that it is the rural England of to-day that is merry, and that the rural England then was wretched, we would invite the reader's attention first to the sleek cattle and the well-fed, well-dressed ploughman of to-day who drives these fat and well-liking beasts, and then to the true and terrible picture of the misery of that man's forebears, and the slavery of the plough, the misery of man, woman, children, and cattle at the end of the fourteenth century. Judge from this if "progress" has spelt "poverty" to the worker in the fields in our good and prosperous age.

The "Ploughman's Creed" was written about the end of the fourteenth century, at no distant time from Wat Tyler's rebellion. It followed the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," and was written in the same odd alliterative verse. But instead of being an allegorical personage, like the supposed writer of the "Vision," the ploughman is the typical poor, "silley"—i.e., simple—man who tilled the ground, and his condition, as with his unhappy wife he drove the miserable cattle at the plough, is set out with a force and realism that goes straight to the heart. Not Cobbett's turnip cleaners, the girls "ragged as colts, and pale as ashes," not all the pages of "Alton Locke," approach this rugged picture of mediæval misery.

It grows darker as we pass from the man to the beasts; and our heart positively aches as the writer describes the sufferings of the wife and of the helpless children of the typical husbandman of the day. The language is not so antique that we need alter much, and through it we see enough of the rags, mud, and misery. In the fields in winter the poet

"saw a silley (simple) man
Upon the plough hanging.
His coat was of a clout
That 'cary' was called;
His hood full of holes,
And his hair out.

"With his knopped shoon
Clouted full thick,
His toen (toes) toted (peeped) out
As he the land treaded;
All beslumbered in fen (mud)
As he the plough followed."

In rags, with his shoes rotting and his feet half frozen, he wears, as do the hedgers of to-day, a pair of gloves, but these too are useless, for

"The fingers were all for-wearied,
And full of fen honged."

It was a common reproach to the farmers in the days of the old war that their beasts fared better than their men. Not so those of the Plantagenets. Man and beast were in the same "fen" of famine together:

"Four rotheren (oxen) him befor
That feeble were worthen (become);
Men might reckon each rib,
So rentful (i.e., full of hollows) were they."

These "rentful" cattle were driven by the ploughman's wife, while his young children lay under the hedge, for



T. Fall,

A HEAVY ROLLER.

Baker Street.

there was no one left at home, and so the newly-born child had to be taken into the frozen fields and lie there with the offspring of a year before:

"His wife walked with him
With a long goad,
In a cutted coat
Cutted full high,
Wrapped in a winnowing sheet
To shield her from the weather,
Barefoot, on the bare ice,
That the blood followed."

The force of the climax in the last two lines is of the highest order. The words fall like hammers, and knock at the heart. And what of the children of this pair of the labouring poor of Old England? While the mother, "barefoot, on the bare ice," urged the feeble oxen—feeble because there was then no artificial food available to feed cattle in winter:

"At the land's end lieth
A little crome-bolle (wicker basket),
And thereon lay a little child
Lapped in clouts,
And twegn of two years old,
Upon another side;
And all they sung one song,
That sorrow was to Heaven;
They all cried one cry,
A careful note (a note of woe),
And the seely (simple) man sighed sore,
And said, 'Children, beeth st ill.'"

Such, drawn from the life, was the lot of the worker in the fields of England 500 years ago. What it is to-day let our cheerful pictures tell. That "careful note," the cry of the slaves of the plough, is no longer heard in our land.

One turns with positive relief from this word-painting of rags and misery to the picture of the well-dressed, well-favoured farm-maiden of to-day, with her well-turned arm, neat shoes, and attractive figure, and the pretty well-fed cow, not "rentful," but sleek and contented.

C. J. CORNISH.

C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A FARM-MAIDEN OF TO-DAY.

Copyright



T. Fall,

THREE YOKE OF OXEN.

Baier Street.



THE EARLDOM OF LANDAFF.

THE question which is raised in the title of these lines, itself a question of title, has attracted much attention of late, and we hold ourselves fortunate in that we have been able to secure a full statement by the claimant of the nature of the evidence upon which he rests his claim to an ancient title in the Peerage of Ireland.

THE CASE FOR THE CLAIMANT.

So much has recently been written concerning the title to the Earldom of Landaff in the Peerage of Ireland, that it may be well to consider calmly the true aspects of the case, in order that the usually received errors affecting the matter may be removed and set right. The first point to be clearly understood is that in the three patents conferring upon Francis Mathew, of Thomastown Castle, County Tipperary, the titles of Baron, 1783, Viscount, 1793, and Earl of Landaff of Thomastown, 1797, all in the Peerage of Ireland, the descent of the titles was, as is usual, strictly limited to "the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten." Consequently, no one can ever claim to acquire this peerage unless he is prepared to prove direct lineal descent from the first Earl of Landaff.

In the second place it must be noted that when the Union of Great Britain and Ireland took place in 1800, the Irish House of Lords was abolished, and the only right then left to Irish peers in the present House of Lords was to elect out of their own number for life twenty-eight representative peers to sit and vote in that assembly. Owing to the straitened circumstances of many Irish peers, to whom the great expense of proving their right to vote before the Committee of Privileges is a considera-

tion, it happens that a certain number of them do not, as a matter of fact, prove their right, and consequently they have no vote at the elections when vacancies occur. Their names are, however, inserted on Ulster's Roll and sent up to the House of Lords every year, printed in italics. On the other hand, Irish peers are eligible for seats in the House of Commons.

Having now made these points clear, I should like to add that a peerage once conferred is inalienable from its rightful heirs unless they come under attainder, through criminal offences, treason, and so forth. Consequently, the direct lineal male descendants of any peer are, through no fault or merit of their own, as much entitled to his rank as they are to his name, before as well as after proving the fact of their descent. A peer's eldest son, after the burial of his deceased father, forthwith inherits his father's rank, and is addressed as the actual possessor of the peerage before he has taken any steps to prove his right. It may happen that a peer may prefer not to make use of his title. Instances of the kind have occurred. And yet the heir of a peer—such, for example, as the sixth Earl of Berkeley, who never used his title—at once succeeds to the peerage on the decease of the holder of it. In the case of an English peer, that is, a peer of the United Kingdom or of Great Britain, etc., a writ of summons is issued, shortly after a peer's decease, to his heir, who then presents his proofs before the Committee and takes his seat, having duly made out his claim. But he is regarded and addressed as a peer before the writ issues. In the case of Irish and Scotch peers no writ issues. The heir succeeds, and may or may not prove his right before the Committee. The first Earl of Landaff died suddenly, and, as was alleged, intestate, in 1806. The printed peerages of that date contained many more

mistakes than they do now, and their records of the Mathew family are singularly faulty and inaccurate. In most of them Lord Landaff is said to have left at his death, in 1806, "three sons, viz., Francis James, Montague, and George, and a daughter, Ellisha," who all died without issue. They were all the children of his first wife Ellisha, *née* Smyth. In a pedigree, however, registered by Lord Landaff in 1794 at the Office of Arms, and signed by him, the name of a fourth son, Theobald, who died young, and whose name occurs in some of the printed pedigrees, is omitted, as is also that of his eldest son Arnold. There is no question as to the birth of Theobald, yet Lord Landaff omits him in his registered pedigree, the reason being that he was dead at the time of the registration. How this fact affects the omission of the eldest son's name will presently appear.

On the death of LORD LANDAFF in 1806 the title was "assumed" by his second son, reputedly the "eldest son surviving," Francis James, who, with as little real right as "Viscount Dursley," of the famous Berkeley case, had, from 1797, when his father was created Earl of Landaff, been known as "Viscount Mathew." This gentleman, who was the veritable black sheep of the family, waited until 1810 before attempting to prove his right to vote. In the meantime he was arranging his plans, aided and abetted by his unscrupulous legal adviser, one John Evans, of 34, Hertford Street, Mayfair. Of his appearance before the Committee of Privileges, and his subsequent transactions, details will be given below. The following is an accurate statement of the family history:

Francis Mathew, of THOMASTOWN CASTLE, at the age of twenty married, September 6th, 1764, at the house of Mr. Preston, Bellinter, Navan, Miss Ellisha Smyth, second daughter of James Smyth, M.P. for County Antrim, she being eighteen. On February 16th, 1765, a son was born to this young couple at Paris, who was baptised two days later, when in danger of death, by Bishop Challoner, under the name of Arnold Nesbitt Mathew, being called after Mr. Arnold Nesbitt, M.P. for Cricklade, a highly-esteemed friend of the family. There are three certificates relating to these circumstances.

Owing to the birth occurring *ante tempus*, it was hushed up as much as possible, and the child, though perfectly legitimate according to British law, was sent to the home of his father's uncle, Mr. Joseph Matthews, solicitor, at Cromhall, Falfield, Gloucestershire, where he was brought up. After the decease of his mother, August, 1781, he was sent to Calcutta, and entered the Bengal Artillery as a cadet. There are no fewer than four MS. pedigrees—three of them signed respectively by the first Earl of Landaff, by his first cousin, Joseph Daniel Matthews, and by his kinsman, William Mathew, of Fairwater—all of which establish the fact of Arnold Nesbitt Mathew's birth and parentage. Two of them state that he "died 1783," but the other two give the date of his death correctly as 1820. Undoubtedly his relatives believed him to have died not long after his arrival in India, and acted upon this convenient supposition apparently without taking any steps to verify it. On the assumption that Arnold, his eldest son, was dead, Lord Landaff omitted his name, with that of his other departed son, Theobald, when registering his pedigree in 1794.

Letters and other documents in my possession supply the clue to the complete clearing up of the mystery by showing that Arnold resolutely refused to hold any communication with his father, whose conduct had completely estranged him. But far from being "dead" in 1783, he was playing a soldier's part in the conquest and settlement of India, and the date of his



Mayall and Newman. LORD LANDAFF.

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commissions and the record of his services are preserved in the archives of the Military Department in India and elsewhere. On November 20th, 1806, he married at Fatehgarh an Italian lady, the Contessa Eliza Francesca, daughter of Domenico Povolieri di Nogarole, a Marquis of the Papal States. The register of this marriage is at St. John's Old Cathedral, Calcutta. The only issue of this marriage was a son, Arnold Henry, my father, born September 17th, 1807. Viscount Arnold Nesbitt Mathew, eldest and lawful son and heir of the first Earl of Landaff, and my grandfather, died of cholera at Chandernagore, and was buried at Chinsurah cemetery, where his tombstone contains the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Major Arnold Nesbitt Mathew, of the Honourable Company's Bengal Artillery, who departed this life on 5th October, 1820, aged about 54 years." He never actually retired from the Army, and never once returned to Europe after going to India in 1781. Naturally he was the rightful second Earl of Landaff, his son was the third, and his grandson is the fourth, and this, as I have



THOMASTOWN CASTLE.

said, from no fault or merit of any one of us. We have made no mistake in this matter. The mistake was made, as I shall now proceed to show, by the Committee of Privileges in 1810.

Lord Landaff died at Swansea on July 31st, 1806, and though he was known to have made a will, it could not be found after his death, and has never yet been found. I trust one day it may be recovered. In the absence of Viscount Arnold Mathew in India administration was granted to Francis James, the second son, who at once assumed the title as second Earl and entered into possession of the estates. When, four years later, he appeared before the Committee of Privileges, he produced no documentary proofs of any kind in support of his alleged right to vote as second Earl. His claim, for some utterly incomprehensible reason, was admitted on the sole and uncorroborated evidence of a farm-bailiff named Richard Cormac, who had been in Lord Landaff's employ only from the year 1785, yet swore in 1810 that Francis James was the eldest surviving son of the first Earl. It is noteworthy that no member of the Mathew family tendered any evidence whatever in favour of Francis James's claim.

The year after perpetrating this disgraceful fraud Francis James, well known as a thoroughly disreputable, dissipated character, disentailed the ancient Welsh and Irish estates of his family, and in 1813 sold all the property in Wales, and much of it in Ireland, in order to provide himself with funds for the liquidation of his enormous gambling debts at the Cherokee Club and elsewhere. He died suddenly, intestate, at his house in Dublin, March 12th, 1833, "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." All his other brothers had predeceased him, Arnold in 1820, Montague in 1819, and George in 1832, the two latter dying unmarried.

In the absence in India of the heir, my father, Arnold's only son, who was engaged under Sir Charles Napier in the conquest of Scinde, Francis's sister, Lady Elisha Mathew, was granted administration, and took possession of the entire property, real and personal. She corresponded with my father, addressing him as the Earl of Landaff, in the most cordial terms. He did not return to Europe until 1847, when he discovered that she had died in 1841, leaving a will devising the whole of his property to her French connections, who were then actually in possession. Instead of at once asserting his right and making good his claim, he went abroad in disgust, and refused ever to visit Ireland again. He resided abroad almost continuously until advanced age made it impossible for him to travel. The third Earl died in 1894, leaving by his wife, who died in 1889, three children, viz., the writer, his heir, and two daughters.

LANDAFF.



THEY have been arranging their handicaps so nicely at the Tooting Bec Club that it seems quite difficult for the competitors to arrive at a decision. Three tied originally for the handicap gold medal of the club—Mr. A. J. Robertson, Mr. C. E. Walker, and Mr. L. S. Fitter. A futile attempt has lately been made to play off the tie, for though the second attempt eliminated Mr. Robertson, who was quite off his game, the other two tied yet again, Mr. Walker with 88—4=84 and Mr. Fitter with 92—8=84. Mr. Robertson, from scratch, returned 98.

Wins of a much more decisive nature were Mr. James Fairclough's in the monthly meeting at Hoylake, and Mr. Montrose Cloete's at Ranelagh. The former, with 89—11=78, and the latter, with 79—4=75, both led the rest of their respective fields handsomely. Indeed, Mr. Cloete's gross score was good enough to win him the handicap had he received no strokes at all, and we may take it that he will be docked one or two by the committee to show its appreciation of his improvement. At the Brighton and Hove Club's meeting, again, Mr. S. W. Cattley had a fairly easy win, with 88—7=81, against the second best of Sir W. Mievill, with 105—20=85.

Inland greens have been in very good condition, though the going has been heavy, so that there has not been a great deal of run on the ball. But the mild weather has encouraged a wonderful growth of grass, and the soft ground has allowed itself to be worked into fine order, so that putting greens have been very true. Above all, the soil has been in excellent condition for any of those improvements or repairs of the course, such as the laying of new greens or teeing grounds, for which autumn is the appropriate time so long as the frost does not come to suspend operations. But this year we have passed more than half the statutory months even of winter without a patch of frost worth mentioning, and green committees should be able to congratulate themselves accordingly. The biggest operation in the way of green extension at present in contemplation, so far as our knowledge goes, is the scheme for giving St. Andrews yet another, that is to say a third, course of the full length of eighteen holes. The Burgh Commissioners have approved of the proposal, and resolved that it be taken in hand at once, with the view of completing the course this year, so that, as we presume, it may be ready for play in the crowded autumn months of 1900.

For a while past there has been some dissatisfaction among the professionals with the prize-money given for the open championship, and they have at length formulated a request to the clubs that have the management, that is to say the

Frestwick Club, the Royal and Ancient, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, the Royal Liverpool, and the St. George's Club, that the prize-money may be doubled. That is in fine what their memorial comes to, and they intimate, as we understand, that if these clubs, on whose greens the championship is now played for, do not see their way to acceding to this, there are many other greens that would be willing to welcome the championship meeting and to give the double prize-money. At present it seems that all their request has obtained is the reply that it shall be considered at the meeting of the delegates of the managing clubs on the occasion of the championship meeting at Sandwich in the summer. More than this, for the moment, they could scarcely reasonably expect.

CYCLING NOTES.

RIM-BRAKES are very much under discussion just now, and there is no doubt that it is through the favour with which the Bowden brake has been regarded by those who have tried it that attention is being devoted to the subject of this type of brake generally. I have used the Bowden on several machines, and have also had opportunities of comparing its behaviour upon the machines of personal friends, and I have not the slightest hesitation in classifying it as one of the most convenient and effective brakes on the market. I have used both patterns—the lever and the rotating handle. There is much to be said for each; and as both are effective, selection becomes a matter of personal preference.

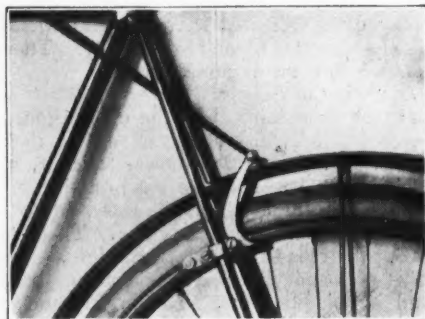
When rim-brakes were first introduced there was a considerable amount of doubt, both from riders and in the cycle trade, as to whether their use was practicable. It was feared that the rust which would be set up after the enamel had been peeled off by the friction of the brake would eat its way into the rim. These fears, which I own to having at one time entertained myself, have fortunately not been justified by the result. Several rim makers have been giving their experiences in the *Hub*, and for the most part they are favourable. Particularly emphatic is the opinion of the manager of the Cycle Components Company, who, after extended trial, declares that brakes of this type will not act detrimentally in any way to rims as at present constructed, so far as their strength and truth alike are concerned. Another valuable testimony is that of Mr. Linley, who can undoubtedly claim to be the first maker to introduce brakes of this description. In his case the use of the rim-brake arose through his introduction of a "free-wheel"

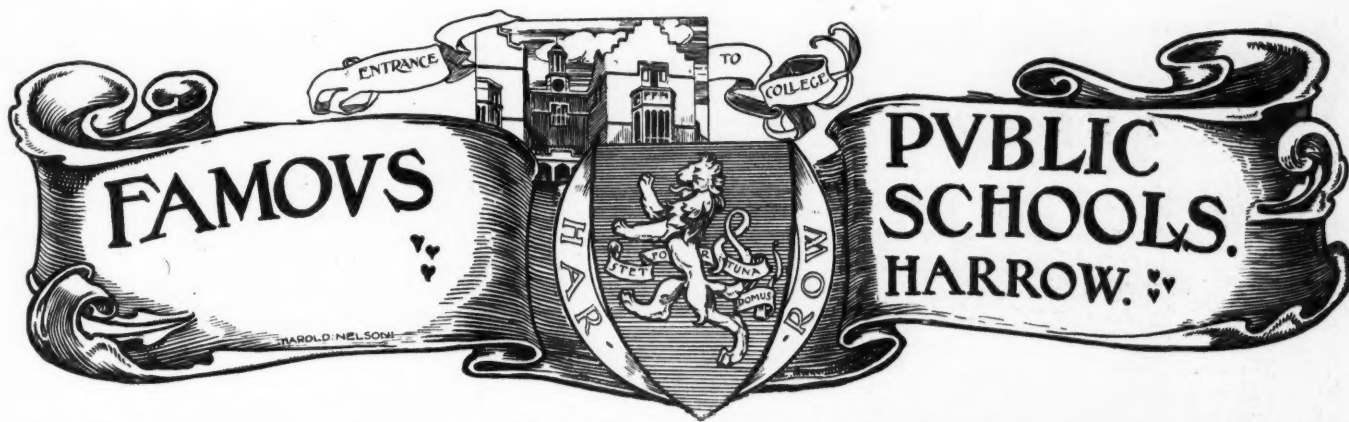
device, thus rendering a particularly powerful brake essential. He is able to state, after four years' observation of the practical working of rim-brakes, that on suitable rims they have no injurious effects whatever. On the whole, therefore, it may be claimed that the rim-brake is not destined to introduce new complications; in fact, the worst that could happen would be that we should have to order stouter rims than heretofore for the sake of gaining the undoubted power and other advantages of this form of brake.

While speaking of rim-brakes, I should mention that I have received a letter from a gentleman at Bolton, Mr. J. G. Hudson, in which he claims to have produced one of the earliest forms of rim-brake, the working of which is shown in the accompanying illustration. Of course, this was by no means the first in the field, as Mr. Linley had introduced his in 1894, whereas Mr. Hudson's was patented in January, 1896. Mr. Hudson's brake is actuated by rods passing between the back stays and up to the handle-bar lever. He says that he has used it almost daily with the utmost freedom, and has never been able to detect the slightest damage to the tyre or straining of the back stays. The rim, though, of course, worn bright, does not show any sign of wear. "With this brake," he adds, "I have the most perfect control over the machine, and can ride hills as steep as 1 in 4½, unless the surface happens to be so slippery that skidding the wheel will not hold the machine, which occasionally occurs. The first set of lever blocks wear somewhat quickly until the enamel is removed, after which they seem to last indefinitely—certainly for more than a season. The use of this brake enables one to ride with great confidence in street traffic, and at a better pace than would be safe without it. I claim that the arrangement is as simple and direct as possible, and so little liable to go wrong that you can safely trust your neck to it, as indeed I constantly do with the utmost confidence."

I have also received from Mr. R. Lingard, of Manchester, the specification of a new brake which he has invented, and which, he contends, is "on an entirely different principle from existing patterns." To the opposite end of the crank-axle from the crank-wheel, or to the end of either of the hubs, he attaches a brake-pulley or wheel, having a flanged periphery, against the internal and external surfaces of which the brake-shoes act. These shoes are connected by means of a lever, or levers, in such a manner that when the brake is applied the shoes simultaneously approach and nip the periphery of the brake-pulley. The brake is operated by a lever or other handle and a link extending therefrom to the lever which operates the brake-shoes. Springs are, of course, provided for automatically relieving the nip of the brake when it is desired to put it out of action. I am unable to bear out Mr. Lingard's contention that his is the only brake of its kind. At the last National Show a brake, called the Darby, was exhibited which was on the same principle, the pulley being attached to the left-hand end of the crank-axle. There is this amount of difference, it is true, that in the Darby the braking was effected by means of a band which acted upon about three-quarters of the circumference of the pulley, whereas Mr. Lingard brings a pair of brake-blocks to bear on the outer and inner surfaces of the flange. At the Stanley Show, too, a similar type of pulley was shown attached to the rear hub of the Royal Enfield machines, the braking being effected by a band. In this position the brake would be somewhat liable to get clogged with oil and dust. Applied to the crank-axle, the pulley would be less liable, perhaps, to be clogged in any way, but it seems to me that the crank-axle is decidedly the wrong place to apply retarding power. Not much reflection is required to show that power applied to the wheel itself is much more effectual than that which is applied to the crank-axle.

THE PILGRIM.





THERE are many views of Harrow-on-the-Hill, and there are a hundred phases in the school life which are bright and worthy of close attention; but the stranger will perhaps be best advised to visit the famous school on the day set apart for speeches in the summer. The scenes and experiences of that day will suggest to him many thoughts, the

buildings old and new will give fresh zest to his enquiry into the story of the school, the names that he hears and the grown men whom he sees will infallibly set him thinking, and he will have an opportunity of studying the Harrovian manner, robust, frank, hearty, and honest, upon a considerable scale. The Harrovian atmosphere will have begun to encircle him at Baker Street. Scores and hundreds of men and women of the highest class will have accompanied him in the train. He will have noted here and there a statesman, a diplomatist, a man of letters, ecclesiastical dignitaries of many sects, many representatives of foreign Powers and of dependent States in the far parts of the earth. And at the station will be a crowd of well-dressed boys, some in short jackets, and others in the old-fashioned swallow-tail that marks position in the school, waiting eagerly, but with a certain reserve of manner, to greet their parents and friends; for at Harrow, as elsewhere of late, has arisen a feeling that parents and female relations are not necessarily

a disgrace, that their existence may be recognised without serious loss of self-respect. The landscape may please him at first sight. The Hill, crowned by the various buildings of the school, and boasting abundance of fine trees, is striking, but the aspect of the surrounding country, of which the soil is for the most part clay, is uninviting. Nor

does it promise good grounds for cricket or football, and, in fact, the Harrow cricket ground, marvellous as are the cricketers who have come from it, is far from good. For the rosarian the strong clay has its attractions; the botanist had, until recently at all events, fine opportunities in the neighbourhood; he might find even the wild tulip. But there is no river; the surrounding scenery is not to be compared with that of Eton or Marlborough or Wellington; and, worst of all, the school is most inconveniently near London. In a situation by no means ideal, wonders have been accomplished.

Entering the huge theatre-shaped building in which the speeches are held, far the finest edifice of its kind that any English public school can boast, the stranger cannot but pause to think. It is vast, but it is modern. Outside he may have noticed, if time permitted him to make a little tour of investigation, the Old School, a graceful building, but on quite a small scale. That speaks of Harrow, the small foundation of Elizabethan days, as it was before Dr. Thackeray came



R. W. Thomas.

LEADING TO THE TERRACE.

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R. W. Thomas.

THE OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

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to be the second founder of Harrow School. The modern building, with its spacious proportions, speaks of the abiding work done by Dr. Thackeray, by Dr. Vaughan, by the two Doctors Butler, and by Dr. Welldon in making and preserving for Harrow a place among the first three or four of the leading public schools of England.

As the great room fills, and as the head-master greets one distinguished guest after another, the stranger who has made a loving study of our public schools will notice a feature peculiar to Harrow. At Winchester speeches are a dreary formality, and there is room for many more guests than ever care to come; at Eton "Upper School" has but limited accommodation, and even distinguished visitors are necessarily few. All that is best among old Etonians may be seen, it is true, in the Playing Fields in the afternoon; but that means that, on the 4th of June, the Playing Fields and the procession of boats are attractions at least equal to the speeches. At Harrow it is different. Everybody goes to the speeches, and as name after name is called out three distinct points become conspicuous. Names belonging to members of old Harrovian families come thick and fast—the affection for Harrow is hereditary in certain families, and those are of the very best. Foreign, Jewish, Anglican, Nonconformist names sound; education at Harrow is open to the sons of parents in all parts of the world, and is welcomed by them; the eye will almost certainly rest on several swarthy faces among the rows of boys, intermingled with old Harrovians, seated on the stage. Also the close connection with Cambridge will be noted. All the successful

head-masters of Harrow School have been Cambridge men; it is but right that Cambridge should do honour to Harrow when occasion arises, and Cambridge fulfils the duty gladly.

Most significant of all these things, most valuable to the *esprit de corps* of the school, is the traditional loyalty of Harrovian families; and

this is the more noteworthy in that the period during which this feeling has grown has been neither long, that is to say as far as public school history goes, nor indeed unchequered. Families have been attached to Eton and to Winchester for centuries. It was in 1746 only that Dr. Thackeray came to raise the school to greatness for the first time, and the school rose to 400 boys under Dr. Drury. But after Dr. George Butler, under Dr. Longley, and Dr. Wordsworth came a decline, due to laxity of discipline, which practically squeezed the school out of the list of great schools. Then in came Dr. Vaughan, young and full of energy, fresh from Rugby, at a period when the public school ideal was realised at Rugby most fully and most purely by masters and boys, and with him began a period of uninterrupted prosperity which has lasted until to-day, when Dr. Welldon leaves some 600 boys to his successor. Dr. Vaughan found but 60. It was Dr. Vaughan who brought to Harrow the true public school system, which Dr. Arnold took to Rugby from Winchester, where it had grown gradually out of the germ planted by William of Wykeham. That system consists mainly in the pursuit of a policy of endowing the Upper boys with authority and in trusting them. In it the implicit trust reposed in the monitors, prefects, or præpositors, is the essential feature. Combined with



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THE SPEECH HOUSE.

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magisterial espionage it always fails; in the hands of Dr. Vaughan, who trusted absolutely in the honour of boys, and was seldom deceived, it found one of its most masterly and best-beloved exponents. Dr. Vaughan's successors have been worthy of him. The second Dr. Butler, indeed, was a head-master out of a thousand, and Calcutta's gain in Dr. Weldon is a severe loss to Harrow; but both of them have been the first to admit and to protest in all thankfulness that Dr. Vaughan was the restorer of the school.

Still, the period during which hereditary Harrovianism could grow and abide has been very short. Part of the feeling may be traced to the exceptional number of brilliant men in all walks of life who have passed their schooldays on the Hill, and to the variety of their eminence. The list is positively astounding; it can only be skimmed. To say nothing of Hamiltons and Stanhopes without number, the school has nurtured men of genius and of power so diverse as Lord Byron and Lord Palmerston, Cardinal Manning and Richard Sheridan, Calverley and Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Lytton, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Aberdeen, Theodore Hook, Charles Wordsworth, Sidney Herbert, Anthony Trollope, F. Burnaby, Charles Buller, Barry Cornwall, Smith O'Brien (who owed his life to an old Harrovian, who would not see his old schoolfellow hanged), R. Chenevix Trench, Cuninghame Graham, Henry Chaplin, and J. A. Symonds. The list is by no means exhaustive—it could be prolonged indefinitely; but at least it shows that a great variety of ability can come out of Harrow. If it were carried further it would be noted that Harrow is a particularly fruitful mother of statesmen; and also, oddly enough, of great brewers. Bass, Allsopp, Coope, and Barclay are names that occur often.

Perhaps the high reputation of the school for turning out first-rate cricketers may not be entirely without influence in maintaining the affection for given families for Harrow. The list of men who have done wonders with bat and ball who have come from Harrow is memorable indeed. Here are a few of them: The three Walkers, R. D., I. D., and V. E., A. N.



H. N. King.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

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Hornby, George Crawley, his three sons, Ernest, Eustace, and Stafford—the first two superlative racquet players—A. J. Webbe. They are but a handful out of many. It may be all wrong; our devotion as a nation to cricket may be a mistake, or it may be a very good thing. That, for the moment, does not matter. The point is that the feeling exists, and there can be no doubt that many old Harrovians have been influenced in sending their sons to Harrow by the knowledge that their education in cricket would not be neglected—nay, would at one time be supervised by a Grimston and a Ponsonby. These things have their influence; they must be taken into account. So must the memory of great games at "footer," when "the field rings again and again to the tramp of the twenty-two men," and of the school songs, which are the most numerous and most distinctive possessed by any school, and linger in the memory for many a year. Influence is doubtless exercised by the traditions of the days at Wimbledon, when Harrow won the Ashburton Shield six years out of seven, and the band of the school Rifle Corps proceeded to Wimbledon to play the "con-

quering heroes" home as a matter of course. There was that later day of triumph, too, when poor A. G. Foulkes won the Spencer Cup. But he will send no son to Harrow, for he died in the prime of manhood.

It would be a grave error, however, to suppose that learning is neglected at Harrow, or that the teaching is not as good there as at any school in the kingdom. It is, indeed, far better for the making of men than that which prevails at the mere scholarship-grabbing establishments. Its effects are thorough, permanent, abiding, and a first-rate Harrovian is as pretty and polished a scholar as need be desired. That fact, also, the competent observer will note at speeches, no less than the nicety of pronunciation of French and German. In the method of teaching there is not, so far as we are aware, anything to distinguish Harrow from any other great school save Eton; and the results are eminently satisfactory. If they are not treated at length



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it is because they are not in the least amusing, and because we desire it to be understood that, in our judgment, the teaching at all the great public schools is as good as good can be for the production of English gentlemen ready to take their part in public life, or in the professions.

Last comes the necessary question of cost. There lie before us the school bills of a recent Harrovian. Let us take one set sent in at the end of one term. They show first the amount payable in advance for the next term: House fees, including board and washing (£45), public tuition and school charges (£11 6s.), and private tuition (£5). Then come the minor bills of the past term, amounting in all to £8 15s. 7d. only. But it is clear that these bills are exceptionally small; that the boy had no extra masters, that he did not belong to the Rifle Corps nor learn fencing or boxing, although as a footballer he got his Light Blue, and that with clothes and like necessities he was amply provided from home. Nor was he a great book buyer; £1 1s. 6d. satisfied his needs, or, at any rate, his desires, for the term. Harrow does not, we imagine, pretend to be a cheap school, but it is emphatically a good one; and while the school and house charges remain fixed, the additional expenditure may vary, and does vary, as at Eton, in accordance with the taste of a boy and the means of his parents. For a boarder the expense is, roughly speaking, about the same as at Eton; of home boarders space does not permit us to speak.

True Shikar Stories by a Woman.

SHIKAR stories by women are not by any means common nowadays, and when I think of the many stirring and telling experiences which have been published, I wonder if my simple jungle anecdotes are worth the printing. I have no tale of armies of beaters with a line of elephants in well-known sporting centres, of merry starts after cheery early breakfasts, and then of six, aye, even a dozen, tigers brought home at dusk. No, mine are unassuming experiences told by an inexperienced pen.

It was a glad day when we studied our poor bank-book and found we were on the right side of the fence at last, and with furlough due to us.

"Well, little woman, where shall we go, and what shall we do?" asked my husband.

An unnecessary question this; for as each little instalment had gone to the bank, we had whispered to each other that it was so much more towards our shoot. Now the hour had come and we were really going. I had lived in and had loved the Indian jungles nearly all my life, and my husband was a keen sportsman, but he had only been able to get some big game shooting in Cashmere, and the usual subaltern's bag of a panther over a goat in his salad days.

Now we were off. All the flurry and fun of packing and getting together camp-kit, etc., was over. Our short string of carts and servants had done many marches, and were now rejoiced to hear that the next halt was to be a final one.

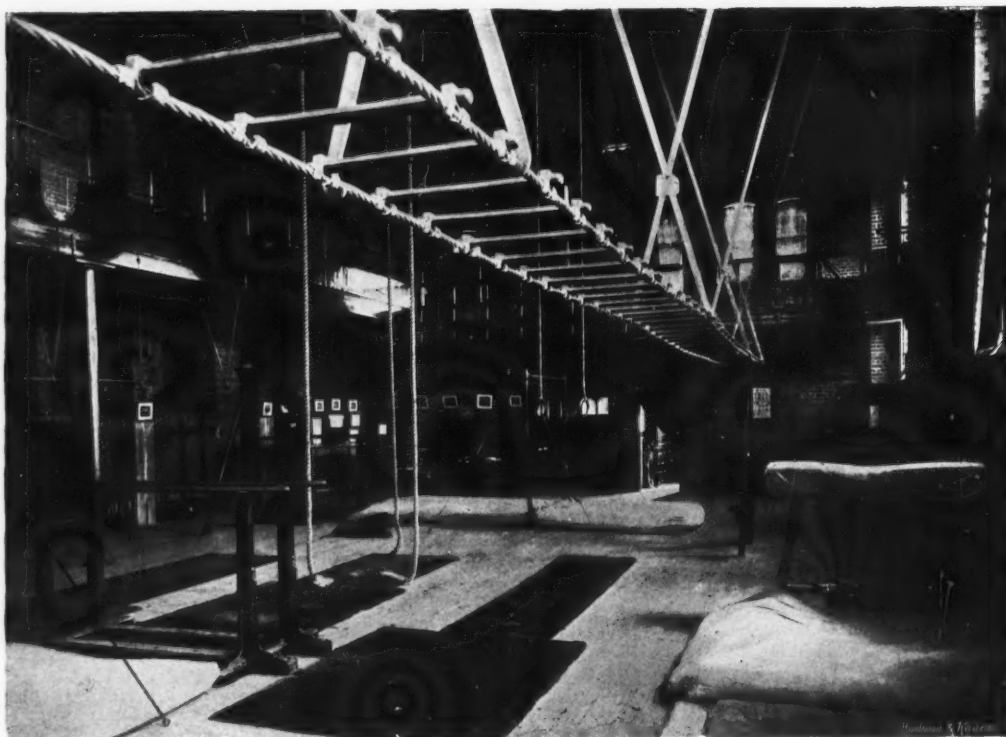
About noon on a November day we rode into a small village on the banks of one of the prettiest rivers in the Central Provinces. We were shown the orthodox P.W.D. bungalow, which, before the railway had tapped the district, must have given shelter to many weary official folk; now it was occupied by a medical baboo, and used as a kind of "lean to" by half-starved cattle. We refused to even enter there; nor were we lured into pitching camp on the regular camping ground with its masquerade well by the big tree, under which were gathered together herds of goats, pigs, and most of the village beggars. We rode on a few hundred yards and found a nice little spur on the very bank of the river, and there we planted our staff. By the time afternoon tea was served, our camp was pitched, ponies bedded down, and the "doggies" were having a great romp in the sand, in spite of their fifteen-mile march. It was a pretty though very unpretentious picture, for we had determined to spend every hard-earned rupee in pursuit of



Hills and Saunders.

CRICKET GROUND.

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H. N. King.

THE GYMNASIUM.

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shikar, and, so to speak, "rough it" otherwise. A single-fly servant's "pāl" d'd duty as a dining-room, and we each had a tiny Solb. tent to sleep and dress in, with two small 7ft. by 7ft. tents for the servants. After tea, we sauntered up to the village to enquire about the shooting in the neighbourhood, and were met, of course, by the usual number of lies.

"Not a tiger been heard of for years; wild buffaloes sometimes came to a spot twelve miles down the river," and so on.

We then produced the magic wand, that "open sesame" of the Central Provinces, our "parwana," or letter of introduction, so to speak, our permit from the Deputy Commissioner, when the tune changed and there was nothing that could not be shot for the asking, provided the good fairy Deputy Commissioner gave permission.

We engaged two local shikaris, Roop Singh and his brother or fag, and went to bed with that hope springing as it only can in the sportsman's breast. But not even our hope was as bright as the realisation.

At eleven next morning we heard excited voices, and on coming out to enquire, found Roop Singh with khubber of buffaloes, two miles off, feeding in the open jungle. Knowing well the necessity of the absolute quiet and caution required for stalking buffalo or bison, I decided to let Bob go alone, and in less than half-an-hour I saw him off, armed with his .500 express, which he was going to try for the first time on really big game. I prepared myself for a long quiet afternoon under the trees with books and letters, but in less than two hours I heard wild shouts of joy from Bob, as he galloped home to tell me of how he had stalked the big bull, and had crept on his stomach to the brow of the rise, and then taken a calm and deliberate aim, with the result that he saw the mighty brute plunge forward into a bit of marshy grass and lie struggling. Truly a fine shot, just behind the shoulder. The steel-tipped .500 bullet had done its work well, for our first trophy did not need a second shot. This successful start, of course, inspired Roop Singh with confidence, and he thought it worth while to find game for a sahib who had not bungled his first effort.

The rest of the day was devoted to admiring the magnificent head and horns being cleaned by the local Roland Ward. The measurement from tip to tip of the horns was 112 in. Next day, at noon, we were again disturbed by the excited arrival of an old villager with khubber of a tiger's kill, five miles off. This time there was no need for me to remain behind. I had seen many tigers shot, and knew much more about it than Bob; so, with a small basket of food and a couple of rugs, in case we were obliged to sleep up a tree all night, off we went. Arriving at a clump of four or five huts, we were told by Roop Singh to dismount, as the kill was close by; but how close we did not realise until we had walked on to the dead white cow, not 200 yds. from the village. If we had arranged the spot, things could not have been more favourable—a grassy glade with an occasional big tree, small clumps of plum and other bushes, dense jungle at the foot of a hill to our right, and overlooking the dead cow two fairly strong saplings, into which our light "machan charpoy" was hoisted and tied. Meanwhile I made some tea on my small spirit stove, sitting on the grass, for I knew only too well that sitting in a machan for twelve hours or so on an empty stomach was not good enough, and was apt to make one drowsy. We had our tea in silent excitement, and were up and settled in our machan by half-past four. The shikaris and coolies went off to the village with orders not to venture near us until my husband's whistle went. As silence once more reigned around, we began to strain our eyes, thinking each moving leaf was the tiger. Bob sat facing the kill, and I arranged myself so as to keep watch on all sides by merely turning my head. Oh! the joyous excitement, the exquisite strain of such moments. Both our rifles loaded and at full cock. Ten minutes, twenty minutes, then half-an-hour passed on my wristlet watch, which is the greatest comfort out shooting, necessitating no movement, and one watches the hours so anxiously. Five o'clock, and the winter sun was casting long shadows. We could actually hear the villagers talking in the village, and the herdsmen driving their cattle home, short of the one which lay at our feet, killed by the tiger we were waiting for. Presently a "sunder" of wild pig sneaked out, sniffed the air, and dashed away, alarmed at something or other. Almost on their heels a pair of jackals cautiously crept towards the kill, looking scared and frightened. Then they too bolted, and I felt convinced "stripes" was not far off. I had seen these pilot jackals so often before. Again silence for some minutes, and suddenly a kind of deep sniff under our tree to my right. I merely craned my head over my right shoulder and looked down, and there, standing on the very spot where we had had our tea, stood a tigress. I held my breath, and only touched Bob's arm, which was the signal agreed upon.

I was anxious about Bob; he had never shot or even seen a tiger before this. But there were no signs of excitement. He nodded, and very slowly put his rifle to his shoulder. I never took my eyes off the tigress. As she walked right under our machan I lost sight of her for a moment. I took this opportunity of pointing out to Bob the direction she would appear from. It seemed an age before I saw the gleam of yellow behind the bush in front of which was the kill. Then she stalked out, facing us, with her head stretched down, looking at the tempting morsel before her. A second more, and bang went the '500 express. Then Bob's calmness gave way, and I felt myself being simply shaken in the machan to the words, "Dead as mutton, dead as mutton." We waited to see if there was any sign of life, and then, descending, walked up to her with our rifles at the "ready." Not a move, not a breath. One tiny hole far back in the neck, where it joins the shoulder. It was dark ere we got back to the village, so we laid down on some straw, and slept alongside Bob's first tiger.

Our second adventure was still more exciting. At the magic hour of noon we were again gladdened by khubber of a kill about five or six miles off. This time it was one of our own young buffaloes which had been tied out the night before. Off we went again, with the accompaniment of food and rugs. This time we found a bare little village, buried in an amphitheatre of hills, with a fringe of heavy grass jungle at the base of high cliffs, and a lovely stream winding its way through banks shaded by light bamboos, and here and there a giant tree. Under one of these, about 300 yds. from the village, we were told the kill lay. With straining eyes and anxious hearts we started off at once to see exactly how "stripes" had done his work, and to where he had dragged the dead buffalo calf. It was just two o'clock, and, as we neared the spot, Bob made me fall behind and full cock my rifle; while he, followed by the shikari, took the lead. Very slow and cautious was our advance. Roop Singh thought the tiger was very likely lying up close by, as though the villagers had watched the vultures all day, not one had fallen on the kill. At last we stood by the stump to which the calf had been tied. There were all the familiar signs—broken rope end, and that unmistakable path of crushed jungle, which showed too plainly in which direction the kill had been dragged. Now came the supreme moment, and I feel a tingle in my veins even now, as I sit here months afterwards and write of it: Bob and Roop Singh, and ten paces behind them came I. Here a stone turned over, there crushed fern and grass, here a splash of blood, there a broken-down bush. But halt! I saw the shikari clasp his little axe tighter and the '500 express go up to Bob's shoulder. All in the same twinkle of the eye I heard a report and saw a yellow heap leap into the air not twenty paces off. Then a rush and a second report. Bob pointed frantically up the nearest tree, bidding me climb it, which I did as nimbly as an ape, and was able to see the grass bending and moving up the tiny ravine as the wounded tiger crawled off. Oh! foolish sportsman! Of what use to tell you the madness of following up a wounded tiger on foot and in broken ground. Bob and Roop Singh went off. Big English heart and beefy pluck! But what of the gaunt, half-naked shikari, with no weapon but a light ghond axe in his hand! Truly the native shikari is a man of iron nerve. It was an anxious hour for me, as I sat perched up in that tree, looking down at the half-eaten calf hidden away under the rock on which the lord of the jungle had been lying asleep, guarding his prey, and as I strained my eyes and ears to catch any signs or sounds of Bob and Roop Singh. As the sun began to dip I was glad to see them return up the stream, having tracked the tiger into a cave, where Roop Singh swore he would lie up, being badly hit. They had found great chunks of flesh and splashes of blood on his trail. Back to the little village we went, and arranged to sleep. Ghond huts offer no attractions as a resting-place, so we agreed that our bed should be on the raised mud platform under the solitary tree in the centre of the village. A frugal supper, and then sleep. Dawn found us astir, and very shortly we were well on our way, accompanied by eight or ten village buffaloes and about fifteen men. The former are infallible trackers of a tiger, and will, herding together, dislodge the veriest cattle-eater from any spot in which he may be skulking. Bob and I fixed ourselves on a rock about 10 ft. high; to our left, about 150 yds. off, was a sheer cliff rising to over 200 ft. The ground sloped up from where we sat to the base of the cliff, and was covered with thin ringall bamboo jungle, which at that season was yellow with its leaves fallen to make a noisy carpet to move over. We heard a distant shout from where our beaters were,

and then we began to watch intently. Either "stripes" would appear with an angry rush, or crawl past like a mouse, according to whether he was slightly or hard hit. Presently those faithful pilots, the monkeys, began to chatter, and soon afterwards, straight above us again—the brown cliff, we saw the great yellow body and angry head, looking us right in the face. It was a long shot, 120 yds. at least, but such a perfect mark. I heard the bang, and saw the huge brute bound towards us with a bright red star on his forehead. The death-rush was grand, the last roar was thunder. We climbed down off our rock, and as we stood over the great monarch of the forest lying at our feet, Bob and I asked for no greater happiness, and I don't think we shall ever have a greater one.

D. F.



THERE is no disguising the fact that agriculture has during the last few years been gradually growing in popularity, and country-folk are becoming alive to the importance of fostering our minor rural industries. Of these, bee-keeping is, perhaps, the most worthy of attention, whether from a monetary point of view or as a pleasurable pastime. It is admitted on all sides that no hobby or pursuit (business or otherwise) gives so handsome a return for the money



H. W. Brice.

DRIVING THE BEES.

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and time expended as a few well-kept stocks of bees. The cause of this rising popularity is no doubt due to two reasons: First, that bees, their ways and requirements, are better understood than was the case a decade ago; second, that modern appliances have facilitated the easy management of bees, and at the same time increased the income to be derived therefrom; and what with bee veils, to protect the face from all possibility of a chance sting, the "smoker," for completely subduing the bees, and the teachings given by the various county bee-keeping associations, the avocation has become almost a



H. W. Brice.

AFTER THE PROCESS.

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kodakial one, with a motto of "You keep bees, we do the rest." Small incomes can be considerably added to by so doing, and the great good accruing to crops by the instrumentality of bees in the way of fertilising the blossoms of fruit and other trees and plants, is now fully recognised; so much so, that in



H. W. Brice. *LOOKING FOR THE QUEEN.* Copyright

most of our agricultural colleges bee-keeping holds quite an important position in the teachings afforded by these institutions, the lady students being exceedingly successful in this particular branch of the work.

The British Bee-keepers' Association and the county

associations affiliated thereto have done and are doing much good in pressing forward the claims of agriculture, and the parent association holds examinations in rural centres annually for the purpose of granting certificates to candidates who show sufficient practical and scientific knowledge to qualify them to act as expert representatives of that body. Many ladies have obtained these certificates.

Our illustrations lend force to the above remarks, and show that, without veil or any protection whatever, even the weaker sex may make bee-keeping their own special hobby. Here we have a representation of the driving of bees from the almost obsolete straw hive or skep, the bees when driven showing the empty combs; and finally the rehiving of the bees into a modern frame hive. This operation of driving bees is at times necessary, especially in the autumn, to save the bees from being destroyed over the sulphur pit, which hitherto has been a common practice with cottagers. The method of driving bees will be gathered from the following: The skep, or hive, containing the bees is inverted on a box or table, and an empty skep is fixed at an angle so as to facilitate the ascent of the bees. The sides of the hive are now smartly rapped, and the bees, being alarmed, are easily drummed out of their erstwhile house and home. As will be seen, the final operation is rehiving the bees, and here it is necessary to ascertain that the queen is uninjured, and that she safely enters the new home of the bees, as, should she be lost, the prosperity of the colony would be gone. This is understandable when we explain that the queen is the mother of all the bees, and lays all the eggs; and as only one queen is permitted to be in each hive at one time, the loss of this one insect means ruin to the stock for want of young bees to take the place of those that are lost, so that the bees gradually die out altogether.

Ladies will do well to take this matter into their consideration. They make, as already stated, excellent and most capable bee-keepers, as is evidenced by the fact that both in this country and in America some of the best-kept and most successful apiaries are those belonging to women-folk.

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

FOOLISH people used to laugh when we called our donkey Cæsar, but that was only because they did not know Roman history, or else did not know the excellent reasons we had for giving the donkey that name. The reason is more or less fully explained by the picture. Cæsar, you must know, used to live in a little field that was divided down the middle by a shallow little brook running through it. It was a brook that Cæsar made not the slightest trouble about walking through when he wished, of his own sweet will, to pass from one part of the field to the other; but as soon as it became a question of someone else wishing to take him across it, then he was at once as obstinate as only a donkey can be. He would not go. When Bengy, the groom, came out from the stables with the halter to fetch him, Cæsar would retire to the farthest corner of the field and there await his coming with sullen looks. But he let himself be approached, and let the halter be put on. He even submitted to be led across the field till he came to the brook. It was there that the fight began. It was not any good to go behind and try to push him over. The business end of a donkey is the end where the heels are, and Cæsar knew how to use his heels to first-class purpose. The only thing was to pull him over from the front. Carrots, of which he was very fond, had been tried; but he would not yield to their persuasion. It was mainly a matter of brute force—of sheer tug-of-war between Cæsar and Bengy—that at length made him give way. Then, when he had taken his first step down, he would come quietly as a lamb, without a check, having crossed his Rubicon. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.*

So that was why we called him Cæsar. It was always an amusement to us to watch CÆSAR BEING PERSUADED—forcibly



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CÆSAR BEING PERSUADED.

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persuaded—across his Rubicon. Our sympathies, it is to be said, were always, for the moment, on the side of Cæsar, although we wanted him harnessed up in the little cart. But we always laughed immoderately at Bengy's efforts to get him across, and once we played a trick for which Bengy, good fellow as he was, took a long while in forgiving us. He always used the same halter, and one day we, wicked boys, took this halter surreptitiously and hacked its rope nearly in two with our pocket-knives. We drew the strands over so as to make the cord look good, and then we put it back and waited.

"Bengy, we want Cæsar."

So, off went Bengy, caught Cæsar in the farthest corner of the field, brought him back, quite good and quiet, to his Rubicon. And then, of course, the usual tug-of-war began. But it did not last as long as usual; there was a pull and strain on the rope, and then, suddenly—"Bang!" Bengy had sat violently in the

Rubicon, and Cæsar, scarcely less astonished, had been thrown back on his haunches. There was Homeric laughter from the gallery, but it was laughter that was not "inextinguishable," like the laughter of the Homeric gods. Bengy, sitting with such sudden violence in the Rubicon, had sent up a waterspout that would have extinguished most things, but he took more drastic ways with our laughter. A glance at the rope end sufficed to show him the trick we had played on him, and a rope end in the hands of an active youth is a fearful weapon to boyhood. We had to scatter quickly to escape Bengy's wrath, and when the more vigorous expression of his anger was over he went off to the stables in the sulks, and we had to make our own terms with Cæsar and harness him for ourselves.



THE CINERARIA.

MANY of the richest garden flowers of the present day have been evolved from the wild species by a process of cross-fertilisation to create a distinct race. Until a few years ago we thought the Cineraria in all its glorious colouring and broad, fat blooms had reached its zenith, or, as some would fain say, "perfection." We may differ, perhaps, as to what constitutes perfection in a flower, and seek wistfully sometimes for the cherished wilding from which the brilliant modern flower has originated. The Cineraria represented in our illustration we are familiar with—a bold, showy flower which brings warmth and sunshine into our greenhouses early in the year. We have seen the finer varieties of Sutton, Carter, James, Cannell, and other growers at the exhibitions, and wondered at the variety and depth of colouring and ample proportions. But another race has arisen. When we used to see the free, graceful plants of the species *C. cruenta* in the greenhouse at Kew, we often thought the hybridiser should attempt to create a new race. *C. cruenta* is worth growing alone, and our wish has been realised. The *Stellata* group, or *C. stellata*, as one finds it called in the catalogues, is a new and beautiful type, the result of painstaking crosses between *C. cruenta* and such kinds as represented in our illustration. The plants are utterly unlike the older forms; they are branching in growth, the slender stems studded with flowers which charm one with their rich variety in colour, from white to deep purple, a subtle and exquisite manifestation of what the hybridiser is capable of producing. This new type is useful, not only for pots, but for the most refined decorations, either in groups in the conservatory or house, or as cut flowers for tall vases.

RAISING HALF-HARDY ANNUAL FLOWERS.

The time has come for raising many annual flowers from seed, not, of course, the hardy kinds which may be sown out of doors, but the half-hardy flowers, which make wonderful masses of colour in the summer and early autumn. There should be a hot-bed or warm frame in every garden merely to raise *Begonias*, *China Asters*, *Zinnias*, and plants of like nature that need artificial warmth in their infancy. To raise the seed is very simple. The first point is to get the necessary warmth, which need not be great—60 deg. to 70 deg.—and the required number of shallow pans or boxes. Crock or drain these liberally, and use light soil, such as one would pot geraniums into, a mixture of loam, leaf-mould, and sharp silver sand. Water the soil before sowing the seed, otherwise not unlikely this will get washed away or into lumps, and healthy germination will be impossible. In the case of very small seed a mere sprinkling of soil will suffice, or none at all, and over the pan or box place a sheet of glass or paper to promote quick germination. When the seedlings come up, remove the covering and prick them off singly into other boxes, pans, or into small pots. If a large quantity of plants are being raised it will be well to use boxes, as pots occupy considerable space and are more expensive. This is practically the whole routine of culture. Before planting out in the flower garden, of course, harden them well off, otherwise failure must result.

HALF-HARDY ANNUAL FLOWERS FOR COLOUR.

The tuberous *Begonias* are not annual flowers, but they may be included in this category, as at the end of the present month, a week even before, is the time for seed sowing. Seed may be obtained in distinct colours, and the seedlings will come true to name—a happy condition of things, as in this brilliant race, clear whites, orange scarlet, scarlet, bronze, rich yellow, rose, and many other

shades prevail. One need scarcely write of the glorious effects produced by well-chosen varieties, especially when freely grouped. We have compiled a short list of half-hardy annual flowers of rich effect in the garden, and they are as follows:

Ageratum, the Zoo, deep purple, useful as a groundwork to beds, especially when filled with scarlet *Lobelias*, or as an edging.
Antirrhinums (Snapdragons), best grown as half-hardy annuals. Get clear self colours, yellows, crimson, and white.
China Asters. A beautiful group comprising a host of varieties. We should not sow seed until March, and then give only slight artificial warmth.
Alonsoa Warscewiczii and *A. linifolia*—very graceful scarlet flowers.
Celosias and *Cockscombs*. *Cosmos bipinnatus*. Chinese Pinks.
Gaillardias. *Nicotiana affinis* (the Sweet-scented Tobacco).
Nemesia strumosa Suttoni. *Petunias*. *Phlox Drummondii*. *Pentstemons*.
German Scabious (sow in March). *Stocks*. *Verbenas*. *Zinnia*.

THE WHITE-STEMMED BRAMBLE (*RUBUS BIFLORUS*).

A few days ago we were in the Royal Gardens, Kew, where a large group of this distinct plant has been formed. It is more conspicuous during the winter than in summer, and winter beauty in the garden is precious. There are no leaves on the *Rubus* at this time, but the stems are silvery white, a curious, even ghostly effect, and strangely unlike anything else. On a clear moonlight night this small forest of whitened stems is startlingly effective. Though many years have elapsed since *R. biflorus* was introduced into English gardens, it is very uncommon. We know only one good group of it, and that at Kew. But all who think of the winter colouring of the garden should plant it judiciously.

VIOLET PRINCESS OF WALES.

When giving lists of things, very beautiful kinds are apt to be overlooked. We think the Violet called Princess of Wales more charming than any of the single varieties, surpassing the Czar, California, and others. The flower is very large, like a small Pansy, but in no way ungainly, and a full, rich purple-violet colour. It is not unusual for the bloom to measure close upon 2 in. across, and as it is carried upon a long sturdy stem its value is considerably increased. We had a small bunch in a large room lately, and their fragrance filled the air. We know that the love for this sweet flower is universal, and hope those who grow Violets for the winter and spring will seek out this variety.

THE CAMELLIA IN THE OPEN AIR.

We were in the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Chiswick on the last day of the old year, and the Camellias were still in vigorous health out of doors; this, let it be remembered, in a populous suburb of London. Memories of sunny Devonshire and the sea-coast gardens of the South were recalled, favoured climes in which the Camellia grows into leafy bushes, smothered with blossom in the early months of the year. The Camellias at Chiswick have

lived there for many years, but a high wall protects them to a large degree, and where the bushes are at all exposed it is wise, if severe weather is anticipated, to wrap straw bands around the principal stems, unless the branches, as on the north border at Chiswick, touch the ground. If anyone contemplates trying Camellias out of doors, choose a north position, protected, and a well-drained soil. Plant out in June, and not in the shade, as sun is necessary to ripen the wood.

GROUPS OF HELLEBORUS.

There is a certain picturesqueness about groups of *Helleborus fetidus* in the garden at this time, the dense green leaves preserving their rich colouring throughout the season, and intensifier when the pale yellowish flower spikes appear. *Hellebores* are grown more largely in the garden at the present time, and we like the soft colouring and spotted forms of the Lenten Rose when placed

near the shrubbery, woodland, or in some not too exposed place in harmony with the quiet tones, so pleasing in the early months of the year, before the fresher, brighter flowers of spring have opened. Frosts have little or no effect upon *Hellebore* flowers. We have seen them in the early morning flat on the ground but rise fresh and fair again with the sun.

A NEW VEGETABLE.

It is not often one has to note a new vegetable, and the kind under notice can scarcely be thus described, although we have never heard of its tubers being used until recently. The plant is *Oxalis cremata*, which was introduced from Lima in 1829, and is therefore tender. From first to last it should be treated much in the same way as the potato, putting the tubers singly into 5 in. pots in mid-April, and planting them out at the end of May or early June in a warm border. Plant them about 2 in. apart, and when well established earth up a little, as in the case of the potato. The tubers are not unlike those of the Chinese Artichoke (*Stachys tuberifera*), but larger, and white when lifted, acquiring, however, a reddish tinge with exposure. They are produced abundantly, and may be used in the same way as the *Stachys*. The plant is like a large Woodsorrel, having bold, three-lobed leaves and yellow flowers.

A GARDEN DIARY FOR 1899.—Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading, send us a charming diary for this year, with notes on what to sow and plant during each month. It is a useful book for the gardener.

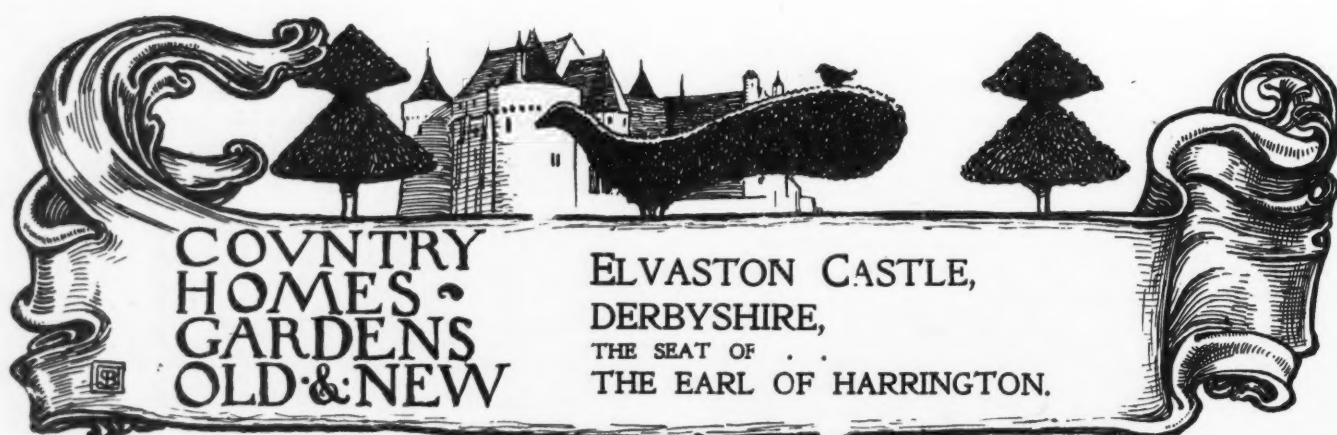
CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Nurseriesmen are invited to send their catalogues for notice. Bedfordshire-grown seeds, potatoes, etc.—Mr. F. Gee, Riverford House, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire.



F. Mason Good.

A SINGLE CINERARIA.

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NOW must these Elvaston gardens be investigated a little more nearly. Their strange and unusual character has been explained, as well as the historical development of the style to which they belong, and of which they are a late manifestation. They would never, perhaps, have been created exactly as they are but for the unpicturesque situation they occupy, which offers, it would appear, few opportunities to the landscape gardener. Elvaston, in a word, is not remarkable for its natural beauties, and even that man of fame, "Capability" Brown, seems to have shrunk from the work of laying out the grounds, for he bluntly wrote to the fourth Earl of Harrington, who invited him to undertake the task, that "it was all well, and he would let well alone." Whereupon the Earl demanded the reason for so strange a retort, and Brown replied, "Because the place is so flat, and there is such a want of capability in it." When, therefore, landscape gardeners look upon the topiary work of Elvaston they must be content, since not even the capability of Brown himself, perhaps the greatest exponent of the landscape gardening style, sufficed to give the gardens the character they might wish. He presented, however, to the Earl of Harrington six cedars of Lebanon, which were planted

on the east side of the house, and grew into fine and handsome trees.

It seems difficult to believe that the quaint and curious shapes of Elvaston, clipped out of trees of fine and luxuriant growth, are really modern. The history of the garden is singularly interesting. Something akin to genius was needed for its creation. The infinite capacity for taking pains, at all events, was there. Before the Bird Cottage, the Alhambra Gardens, the Moor's Arch, and other strange features could be fashioned, the trees must be planted, and England has no more remarkable example of tree-planting than Elvaston. Large sums of money were, in fact, expended by Charles, Earl of Harrington, in bringing numbers of trees, many of them fully grown, from a distance. In March, 1830, he called William Barron to his aid, who became famous for his skill in the work of transplanting, and remained in the Earl's service until his Lordship's death, a period of something like twenty years. Mr. Barron thoroughly drained the ground and formed large kitchen gardens, and under his direction hot-houses were built and the transplanting of old trees began. Three cedars, ranging in height from 28ft. to 32ft., were removed from near the vicarage





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FROM THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the east avenue, and, shortly after, a cedar, 43ft. high, with a 2ft. trunk, and spread of branches of 48ft., was removed from the front of the house. Glorious old yews were brought upwards of thirty miles after being raised by means of the remarkable tree-lifting appliances and devices which Barron did much to improve. Very large pleasure grounds were also laid out, at one time covering eighty acres, and the artificial lake, with its curious surroundings, is another work of the time.

No expense was spared to perfect the work, and the rarest and finest specimens of conifers, at that time far less common than now, were obtained. As an illustration of the enthusiasm that inspired the creator of Elvaston, it is interesting to note that the first specimen in England of Nordmann's silver fir (*Picea Nordmanniana*) was planted by the Earl of Harrington, and that some of the yews transplanted from other places were centuries old, thus making Elvaston truly a link between the past and the present.

The garden is particularly

rich in splendid golden yews. Among other trees are the Douglas fir; the Chili pine or "Monkey Puzzle" (*Araucaria imbricata*); the Deodar (*Picea nobilis*), splendid in sombre blue-green colouring; the Spanish silver fir (*Picea Pinsapo*), now a well-known tree; the black Austrian pine (*Pinus austriaca*); the Swiss pine (*Pinus Cembra*); and the glorious Corsican pine (*Pinus Laricio*). This last may be recommended to all who intend to plant pine woods, being of

comparatively quick growth, tall, straight, finely-coloured in the trunk, very hardy, and succeeding well in almost all kinds of soil.

To describe the particular features of the gardens of Elvaston Castle is perhaps unnecessary. They are well illustrated in our pictures, and, as an example and a contrast, can scarcely fail to interest very many. Of the surroundings and islands of the artificial lake the Duke of Wellington is said to have declared that this was "the most natural artificial rock" he had ever seen. It must not be supposed that the



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A CURIOUS ARBOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

coniferous growths and curious shapes of these lordly gardens are dissociated from flowers. The contrary is, in fact, the case, and the hot-houses are stored with very choice plants.

As a pleasant mark of the changed times, and of the far larger extent to which those, into whose coffers the streamlets of Pactolus pour, admit others to participate in such enjoyments as are to be derived from the contemplation of beautiful gardens, it is interesting to note that Elvaston was closed to the public in the days of the garden-making Earl. He is said to have instructed Barron that, if the Queen came, she was to be shown round, but that no one else was to be admitted. Nowadays there are few great gardens that are not open, on at least one day in the week, for the pleasure and profit of many.

The fourth Earl of Harrington died in 1851, and was succeeded in the title and estate by his brother, Colonel Leicester Stanhope, C.B., who thought it desirable to reduce the large staff of eighty men then maintained. At the same period trees from the reserve nursery, and some others, which could be dispensed with without great loss to the place, were disposed of, a specimen of *Picea nobilis* going to Osborne for the Prince Consort, while the Crystal Palace grounds were embellished with not a few of the Elvaston trees. Yet how many beautiful trees remain

in these splendid Derbyshire gardens the reader will learn from our numerous pictures. These, it will be remembered, have been taken specially to illustrate the little-known topiary character of the place. Assiduous care is necessary for the maintenance in perfection of such shapes as we depict, whether those conventional renderings of the ornithological world, or the great hollow, or tunnelled hedge which is illustrated. Old servants well experienced in the work maintain the traditions of the place. To plant coniferous

trees adapted to particular situations and effective in themselves is a matter of knowledge and judgment. These are found in many English gardens, but that they are often lacking is evident, for example, from the slowly-dying specimens of the Chili pine, or "Monkey Puzzle," as children call it, which are anything but embellishments to many pleasure grounds. We depict a happy and interesting example of careful selection in this matter.

Perhaps we ought not to conclude without a word of praise for the splendid fruit grown at Elvaston. Those who visit the great fruit shows have often remarked that many of the richest prizes go to the grapes, peaches, and other dainty productions from this garden. The soil is naturally fruitful, upon the alluvial land of the shallow Derwent valley, but skill is not wanting to



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THE TOPIARY GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

turn the advantage to full use. This richness of the soil accounts, too, for the success which has attended the transplanting of the many trees which have been brought to Elvaston from far and near, making it one of the most remarkable gardens in the land.

A Revelation of Childhood.

A WEEK or two ago, in the full flush of the delight which accompanied and followed the first reading of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Dream Days" (John Lane), I drew attention to the transcendent merits and charm of the book out of set purpose. It is not better than his "Golden Age," for that were impossible; but, thanks to Mr. Swinburne, its author is infinitely better known by name than he was at the time of the issue of his first masterpiece, and it may well be that the first edition of "Dream Days" was exhausted in a very short time. It is the kind of book which wise men and women will acquire for their own as quickly as possible, since they will want to read it again and again, for you may compare it justly to a fountain of pure water in the midst of a desert, to golden sunshine appearing suddenly in a gloomy sky; and when it is your own, it can be commanded at any moment to dissipate all sad thoughts, and it will certainly give full obedience.

Most of us can remember the children of the "Golden Age"; and for those who cannot there is a rich treat in store. To it "Dream Days" is a sequel, but an artistic sequel. That is to say, the reader meets again the same children to whom his heart grew warm in the earlier volume, and rejoices; but the second book is none the less capable of appealing to those who have not yet read the first, and there is no trace of arrogant presumption that Edward, and Selina, and Charlotte, and Harold possess a world-wide reputation. In like manner Thackeray and Trollope could introduce without offence old friends into new novels; but in the attempt to imitate them some of the moderns have failed ignominiously. Mr. Grahame is one of the few to whom this art appears to come of nature's own gift, and the result is one long joy. To sum it up, "Dream Days" is, as the title of this article indicates, a complete and beautiful revelation of the inner thoughts and feelings of children, of their wonderful power of abstracting themselves from their real environment, and of living for hours in the kingdom of imagination. It is a poem in exquisite prose, and it is strongly marked by one of the most essential of poetic qualities. From time to time it forces the reader to pause and reflect that the feelings described with beautiful simplicity are those which he has felt without being able to express them. It is absolutely true to the purest thing in this world, the nature of children; it is therefore a marvellous achievement in Art.

We are brought into the company of the same delightful children as before, only they are a trifle older, and Edward has gone to school. Selina, too, is suspected of something near akin to treason to the traditions of childhood in that she is believed not quite to loathe going out to pay calls with the Olympians, or "grown-ups." But the others are all right. In lessons, "whatever our individual gifts, a general dogged determination to shirk and to evade kept us all at much the same dead level—a level of ignorance tempered by insubordination. Fortunately there existed a wide range of subjects, of healthier tone than those already enumerated, in which we were free to choose for ourselves, and which we would have scorned to consider education; and in these we freely followed each his own particular line, often attaining an amount of special knowledge which struck our ignorant elders as simply uncanny." Edward's hobby was military. The narrator knew every detail in the lives and habits of American fauna and flora, and achieved a family reputation on the subject. "A writer might have won fame throughout the civilised globe for his trappers and his realistic backwoods, and all went for nothing. If his pemmican were not properly compounded, I damned his achievement, and it was heard of no more." Ah me! I was once such a boy, and now I could not quote ten consecutive lines of Mayne Reid, or enumerate the Red Indian Tribes. Selina's hobby was the navy and naval history. I know just such a little girl in a beautiful country house on the banks of the Wye, over whom *Navy and Army* exercises an enthralling influence. I make no doubt that I could insert with truth another name instead of Selina where we are told that "Selina, if a genie had dropped her suddenly on Portsmouth Hard, could have given points to most of its frequenters. From the days of Blake down to the death of Nelson (she never condescended further) Selina had taken spiritual part in every notable engagement of the British Navy; and even in the dark days when she had to pick up skirts and flee, chased by an ungallant De Ruyter or Van Tromp, she was yet cheerful in the consciousness that ere long she would be joyfully hammering the fleets of the world in the glorious times to follow. When that golden period arrived Selina was busy indeed; and, while loving best to stand where the splinters were flying the thickest, she was also a careful and critical student of seamanship and of manoeuvre. She knew the order in which the great line of



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A GLIMPSE OF THE CHURCH.

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ELVASTON CASTLE: ON THE TERRACE.

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W. Abrey.

THE DAY'S WORK O'ER.

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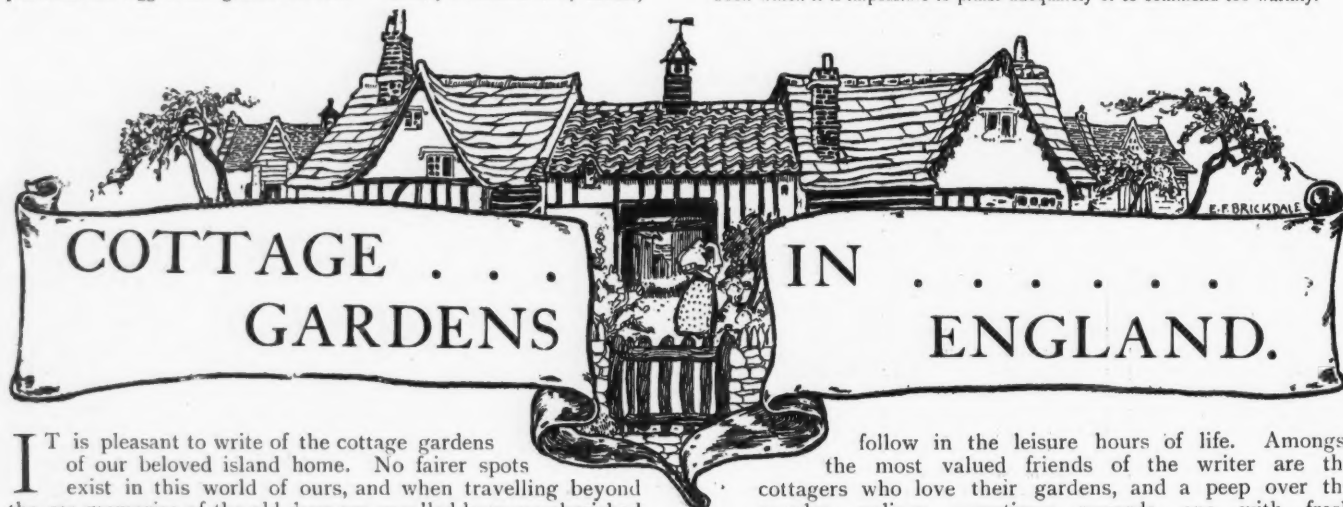
little-ships moved into action, the vessels they respectively engaged, the moment when each let go its anchor"—Selina would have said "her anchor"—"and which of them had a spring on its cable (while not understanding the phrase she carefully noted the fact), and she habitually went into an engagement on the quarter-deck of the gallant ship that reserved its fire the longest." Selina is really delicious, and so is the narrator's lament. "At the time of Selina's weird seizure I was unfortunately away from home on a loathsome visit to an aunt, and my account is therefore feebly compounded from hearsay. It was an absence I never ceased to regret—scoring it up, with a sense of injury, against the aunt. There was a splendid uselessness about the whole performance that specially appealed to my artistic sense. That it should have been Selina, too, who should break out in this way—Selina who had just become a subscriber to the *Young Ladies' Journal*, and who allowed herself to be taken out to strange teas with an air of resignation palpably assumed—this was a special joy, and served to remind me that much of this dreaded convention that was creeping over us might be, after all, only veneer." Then, a few pages later, it is Trafalgar Day, and Selina broods over the neglect of the great anniversary. Harold, meanwhile, is playing with the gardener's fire of dead leaves, and Selina, in a wild fever of patriotic memory, rushes in commanding him to loot pea-sticks and 'aggs and greenhouse fuel. "Selina, a Menad now, hatless,

and tossing disordered locks, all the dross of the young lady purged out of her, stalked around the pyre of her own purloining, or prodded it with a pea-stick. And as she prodded she murmured at intervals 'I *knew* there was something we could do; it isn't much—but still it's *something*.' Then comes the "frenzied entrance of Aunt Eliza on the scene." Selina is "at once and for ever disrated, broke, sent before the mast"; her pocket-money is stopped. But her real sorrow is because she has dragged Harold into a scrape, and because "when the reaction had fairly set in, when the exaltation had fizzled away and the young lady portion of her had crept timorously back to its wonted lodging, she could only see herself as a plain fool, unjustified and undeniable, without a shadow of an excuse or an explanation."

It has seemed wise to linger over Selina's childish foible for two reasons. It shows the truth of Mr. Grahame's genius by its acute pre-emptment of the struggle between childish instincts and approaching womanhood in the *fillette*—no English word exactly describes this particular period of development—and, since it is impossible to notice a tenth part of the episodes of the book, it is felt that the author's fresh and natural method is indicated best by treating one episode with some fulness. The narrator, however, is no mean dreamer. Aunt Eliza is entertaining callers, ladies occupied in discussing the failings of man, and the narrator is playing soldiers on the floor, and listening, as children always do, all the time. One caller, with a whisk of her skirt, prostrates a regiment of soldiers, and neither apologises nor helps to pick them up. "I could not help feeling that in tactfulness, in consideration for the feelings of others, she was still a little to seek. And I said as much, with some directness of language. That was the end of me from a Society point of view. Rudeness to visitors was the unpardonable sin, and in two seconds I had my marching orders, and was suddenly wending my way to the St. Helena of the nursery."

There, seated alone in an empty bath, he is soon circumnavigating the globe, and playing a thousand parts. He is captain of a long, low schooner with raking masts, with racks of small arms and cutlasses. Icebergs, with "coveys of Polar bears," are seen ahead. "Perhaps I was in good form, perhaps the bears 'rose' well. Anyhow, the bag was a portentous one. In later days, when reading of the growing scarcity of Polar bears, my conscience has pricked me." Another moment and he is in the tropics, boarding a pirate brigantine, refusing aid from a British man-of-war, and wading ankle-deep in blood. Then within the hold of the captured ship are ropes of pearls and—here the true child comes in—big sacks of nougat, rubies, and gold watches and Turkish Delight; and in the cabin a princess in a pinafore, with whom he plays many a childish game. Notwithstanding this, he delivers prolonged orations to his crew, which grows in number at will. Then he is hunting bisons and things ashore, next cutting out a French frigate at San Salvador, securing the French captain with his own hand, dropping anchor at Plymouth to the sound of joy bells, with the Lord Mayor and all the admirals waiting to receive him. And then the tea-bell rings and spoils the reverie. It is, however, perfect. So are the stories of St. George and the Dragon, of the visit to the circus, of the dream that he dreamed, and of the disgrace which he incurred when, having got hold of a priceless illuminated book, he abandoned himself to the enjoyment of it, sprawling on the hearth-rug, and with the leaves of the precious book kept steady with two great lumps of coal.

One more episode, and one only. Uncle Thomas, a faddist who has taken up in turn psychical research, the White Rose League, and a children's hospital, inundates the Olympians with leaflets "depicting Little Annie (of Poplar) sitting up in her little white cot, surrounded by the toys of the nice, kind, rich children. The idea caught on with the Olympians, always open to sentiment of a treacly, woodcut order." So the toys are confiscated—Leotard, the acrobat, the wooden horse, the weather-beaten Noah's Ark, Old Jerry, Eugenie, Rosa, Sophy and Esmeralda the dolls, Potiphar, the bull with a suede skin, "rough and comfortable and warm in bed." But in the night season Charlotte and Harold and the narrator (who was almost left out of the adventure because he had got to catapults) steal down to the grim box and recover a few of its treasures. They are mostly worn and old; the prospect of their departure alone forces the children to realise that they care for them, and they are buried by moonlight in the garden as solemnly as Sir John Moore himself. So ends a book which it is impossible to praise adequately or to commend too warmly.



IT is pleasant to write of the cottage gardens of our beloved island home. No fairer spots exist in this world of ours, and when travelling beyond the sea memories of the old days are recalled by some cherished flower we knew and loved in the cottage garden of our village. How precious to us are such scenes as those depicted in the illustrations, and they are not rare; more frequent, perhaps, in some counties than in others, but east and west, north and south, these perfumed spots gladden the land, and teach wholesome lessons to the true gardener.

These pictures are of more than passing interest. They reveal two distinct phases of the cottage garden, the one of the more familiar type, and the other in which a small pond is the central feature. In the one the sturdy cottager is at work, and a work dear to his heart, more refining than any pursuit one can

follow in the leisure hours of life. Amongst the most valued friends of the writer are the cottagers who love their gardens, and a peep over the wooden palings sometimes rewards one with fresh ideas of ways to use the hardy flowers which are the glory of all gardens, apart from considerations of size. A glance at the illustration of THE COTTAGER AT WORK will surely reveal this. Roses in profusion throw their perfumed burdens over an arch, as informal as can well be, inexpensive and artistic, a rebuke to those who stick up costly erections which even strong roses are loth to hide with their leafy shoots. A Gloire de Dijon—fairest of all climbing roses, we think—is always happy garlanding some pillar or porch, mounting even the thatched roof, drenching with its odorous burden the tiny little rooms as it peeps in through the latticed windows. There is a sense of the fitness of things



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THE COTTAGER AT WORK

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A COTTAGE GARDEN, BANBURY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

here, and unfortunately many who love their gardens as ardently as this cottager receive rebuffs by not observing the kind of plant that climate and soil most favour.

There are a host of tender roses, or roses that offer a few beautiful flowers in form and colour, but never that burden of blossom shown in the illustration. Observe, too, the quaint stone paths, or slabs, irregular, perhaps, but in harmony with the flowers that seek even to hide these with their growth. We know of one beautiful garden, a rich domain, in which this distinctive feature is conspicuous, and being extended at the present time; or one may turn to the masses of pinks creeping to the stone edge, silvered over with the glaucous tint, beautiful at all times, in the depth of winter and fulness of summer, when a thousand fragrant flowers cover the little tufts.

Cottagers know the value of massing hardy flowers or permitting each kind to show its true beauty, and every season is marked in the floral calendar. Here the snowdrops lift their dainty petals to the weak sunshine, there daffodils are spearing through the brown earth, followed by the crimson pæonies, larkspurs, columbines, and a hundred cherished flowers, until winter is again with us to reveal the soft colouring of pink, saxifrage, or stonecrop.

All this accomplished by careful preparation of the soil. The cottager is not afraid to dig and well manure the soil, nor to top-dress when severe drought afflicts vegetation. Hence, no wonder his produce, whether of the homely border or the fruit and vegetable plots, wins prizes at the local exhibitions.

Turn to the other picture of the COTTAGE GARDEN AT BANBURY, in Oxfordshire, and we see the same loving care for the flowers of the garden. By the pondside the tall yellow water iris is growing into glorious masses, and the little turf path is scored with sunlight as it glints through the leafy branches near. Everything is restful and full of colour, lilies, roses, larkspurs, and other tall plants casting their shadows across the path.

We need hardly write more of these cottage gardens. Our illustrations tell their own tale, and long may the cottagers of England continue to tend their plots, to show that the love of gardening is not dead amongst them. When gardening releases

its hold upon the affections of English men and women, then will the national character of our sturdy race go too. Quietly working amongst the cottagers of England are men of true worth, who have given to us flowers we delight to see in the richer parterres of the mansion. The noble Horsfield's daffodil, prince of its race, was raised by a Lancashire weaver; but this is a history of its own. We may, perhaps, tell it to our readers some day.



THE best-managed and one of the largest collections of living eagles and raptorial birds in this country is at Mottisfont Abbey, on the Test, near Romsey. The Abbey, or rather the fine Tudor house built by Lord Sandys on the site of the Abbey, is the residence of Mr. Daniel Meinertzhagen, and the eagles and other birds were obtained, and the aviaries designed and their excellent management devised, by his son, the late Dan Meinertzhagen, whose regretted death, at the age of twenty-three, took place on the 13th of February of last year. His birds' and collections are still maintained as he left them. At the present time there are sixteen eagles in the houses, with some kites, buzzards, and other hawks. The collection of owls, great and small, is quite as fine as that of the eagles, and gives a second line of interest to this unique set of private aviaries. It may be asked, what is the distinction of this special collection, and in what does it differ

from that at the Zoo? The answer is that here only in this country can these, the finest of all birds, be seen in the health and vigour which Nature gave them. The eagles look what they are—the kings of the birds. There is not a “starve mark” and hardly a broken feather to be seen in their plumage; their eyes are bright and keen, they have no disease of the feet and toes, and every bird looks, and is, ready to fly and catch its prey if it were let out to-morrow. Some of them have flown loose about the Abbey for months before being confined in the cages. Among the most remarkable of the birds are the following:

One WEDGE-TAILED EAGLE from Australia. These birds are believed to have the finest powers of flight even among the eagles. They have extraordinarily long legs and talons, and the eagle at Mottisfont runs in the most amusing and agile manner. The plumage is much coloured with a bright russet-brown. When on the perch it droops its wings *always*, as if the muscles of the lower parts were too heavy, except when used in flight. Among trained hawks this drooping of the wings is considered a sign of an ill-tempered bird. In the illustration the bird is angry and alarmed. When quiet, she has a smooth, snake-like head and neck. A dark-coloured Imperial eagle, from Spain, was brought into the collection in 1896.

There are two golden eagles, one from Austria and the other from Morocco. One bird has been four years at Mottisfont. A pair previously in the collection were sent from St. Moritz to Harrow, where their owner had an aviary when a boy in Mr. Bushell's house. They arrived on Sunday during chapel time, and were unpacked after service before an admiring congregation.

Three sea eagles are now in the aviary. One of these birds is unquestionably the finest and largest captive eagle in this country. It is a female, from a nest taken in Lapland. In size and bulk she is one-third larger than the other pair, though these are fine specimens. The head, seen from the back, looks as broad as a bull-terrier's, and at a guess her weight must be 16lb. at least. She is savage, and “goes for” her keeper, who, nevertheless, catches her and holds her up by the legs, like a giant turkey, on a plan for handling eagles devised by her young owner. The man approaches quietly, suddenly throws a baize cloth over her feet, and then seizes the legs through it. When these eagles were loose and raided the poultry yard, they were caught by throwing sack over them.

The illustration gives some idea of the head of the SEA EAGLE, but does not indicate by any contrast her extraordinary size.



BONELLI'S EAGLE.



Gillman and Co.

GOLDEN EAGLE.

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Her wings are over 9ft. across. She is as large as the Stellar's sea eagles stuffed at the Natural History Museum. Of the way in which these fierce birds enjoyed themselves when loose we say something later. But their owner also showed that eagles, besides being kept in health, can be made tame, and even affectionate. An instance of the latter is the tame spotted eagle, a great favourite of its master. When loose in the grounds at Mottisfont this particular bird would come to its owner's call, sit on his gloved hand, and even try to perch on his shoulder. The spotted kind is not a large eagle.

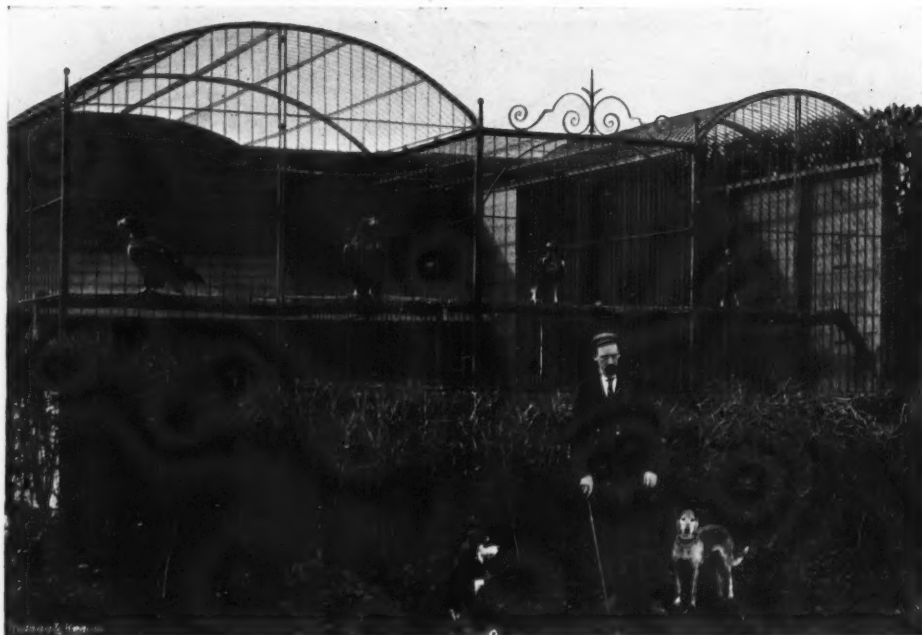
BONELLI'S EAGLE, of which an illustration is given, came from Spain. It is a long-legged species, with a small head and large talons. This bird was kept at Oxford and partly trained to be flown at rabbits like a goshawk.

As eagles are regularly trained by the Kirghiz to take small deer in Central Asia, and occasionally to aid in wolf-hunting on the steppes, this experiment would very probably have succeeded.

A TAWNY EAGLE (*Aquila rapax*), a spotted eagle which has been six years at Mottisfont, and a Chilean sea eagle all occupy one large cage. These last three birds live in quarters once inhabited by “the poor leopard” which was burnt at Oxford. According to the keeper's account, “Mr. Dan” smuggled him into college in a Gladstone bag. An Oxford friend assures the writer that this was a most attractive little cub at New College. It appears to have upset a lamp, and died from the effects. The tawny eagle used to fly loose, and would wing its way right across the Test valley to a large “scarr” of bare chalk cliff on the downs opposite, returning to be fed at the aviaries. It is a thousand pities that Meinertzhagen did not live to finish the monograph on the eagles of the world which he began. Almost nothing is recorded in ordinary natural history books of the ways of many of the species. It was not till Mr. Booth published his “Rough Notes” that we learnt how the GOLDEN EAGLE spent his day, and that even in the Highlands he was sometimes an æsthetic bird, of domesticated tastes, and made a bower by biting off twigs and sticks from the bushes near his nest. In the exquisitely-written pages of this book the young author set down the most minute facts, gathered from the notes of naturalists the world over, concerning these birds. Yet there are several, notably the Chilean sea eagle in this cage, the tawny eagle, and other fine species of which almost nothing is known.

THE VOCIFEROUS SEA EAGLE from Senegal is an instance.

It is a most beautiful creature, with a white head and breast, a bright chestnut belly, and a back of slaty-blue, with chestnut "trimmings." It has lived for five years at Mottisfont, and is very tame and fearless. The elegance of the bird, sitting quietly on its perch, is very well shown in the illustration. All the portraits here given of the eagles, other than those from drawings by their owner, show the eagles with leather "jesses" on, like hawks, evidence in itself that they could all be handled and treated as semi-tame birds. The secret of the health in which the whole collection is maintained lies partly in the construction of the cages and partly in the food given to the birds. Anyone who desires to keep even a single eagle in captivity should examine the Mottisfont cages. They are divided into front and back chambers, but the latter are partly dark, and so screened from the outside view that the bird can secure absolute quiet if it desires it. It is also sheltered from cold, wet, or wind. Outside, instead of having the damp ground as the floor of the cage, the eagles live above a wooden platform, set $3\frac{1}{2}$ ft. from the ground. This platform is dry and solid, and allows no damp to lie on it. The eagles consequently do not damp their wing and tail feathers, or contract cramps and chills as they do on the cold concrete at the Zoo. Above this are perches of natural branches, and on these the eagles sit sunning themselves and surveying the charming landscape sloping down to the Abbey and across the wide valley of the Test.

Gillman and Co. **EAGLE CAGES AND KEEPER OF THE EAGLES.**

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**SEA EAGLE.**

In our next number we propose to say something of the founder of this collection, of whom, since his days at Harrow, it is difficult to say whether animals of all kinds had more fascination for him or he for them. His room there contained always a small menagerie, such as a couple of dabchicks in a bath, some young jackdaws in his Sunday hat, and a squirrel and a family of dormice in the curtains, while in the garden were his eagles.

(To be continued.)

Close of the British Whale Fishery.

IN 1615 the Russia Company sent only four vessels to Spitzbergen, while the Dutch despatched eleven, besides three ships of war. Three Danish war-ships also made their appearance for the purpose of claiming tribute from the English whalers, laying claim to the fisheries by some shadowy antecedent right. This was turning the tables on us with a vengeance, but the attempt was entirely unsuccessful, and was quietly abandoned. Again misfortune dogged our countrymen, for they returned half-laden, while the Dutch made a successful season. Next year the balance swung back again. The veteran Captain Thomas Edge sailed as commodore of a fleet of ten vessels. "This year," he

says in his account ("Purchas his Pilgrimes," Vol. III., page 467), "it pleased God to bless our labours, and we filled all our ships and left behind a surplus which we could not take in." By August 14th they had between 1,300 and 1,400 tons of oil on board, with which all the vessels arrived in the Thames safely in September. But such were the vicissitudes of the trade that this year the Dutch had but four ships whaling, and even they made but a poor season. Encouraged, no doubt, by this notable success, the Russia Company sent sixteen vessels North in 1617. They took 150 whales, making 1,873 tons of oil, leaving as before a considerable quantity behind, for lack of room, and returned home without any mishap.

As long as there was some reasonable equality between the fleets of the rival companies peace was preserved, although it was always evident that, fitting opportunity arising, trouble would certainly break out again. And on this last voyage Captain Edge, feeling no doubt the dignity of his position as admiral of so fine a fleet, ordered a Dutch ship to leave the fishery, to which command the Hollander managed to evade obedience. The Englishman then sent his second in command to enforce his orders and take from the Dutchman the fruits of his labours. The latter, however, managed to send off the bulk of his oil in other vessels before the arrival of Edge's lieutenant. What remained was seized, together with the Hollander's arms and ammunition, which were nevertheless restored upon the arrival of the ships in the Thames. Next year the Dutch Company obtained a renewal of their charter for four years. A penalty of 6,000 guilders was now added to the original edict of confiscation of ship and cargo against interlopers. In reply to this King James granted a patent to a company composed of English, Scotch, and Dutch adventurers, but this was opposed so strenuously by the Russia and East India Companies that the new charter was perforce annulled, and all the preparatory expenses lost. Under the old monopoly the Russia Company now fitted out a fleet of fifteen ships and sent them to Spitzbergen. But the Dutch were thoroughly aroused, and smarting under a long series of real or imaginary wrongs, replied by appearing

**TAWNY EAGLE.**

on the fishing grounds with twenty-three well-appointed ships. Copying the previous tactics of the English Company, they harassed their vessels, following them everywhere, and finally attacked them in force. A severe battle was fought, in which our countrymen, outnumbered and surprised, were completely routed, many of the men killed, and one of their ships taken. The Governments of the respective countries seem to have taken this serious matter very calmly, and upon the States General ordering the restoration of the prize, and the compensation of her captain, the whole affair ended peacefully.

This disaster had one beneficial result. Seeing that all were injured by these quarrelsome proceedings, an international conference took place, the outcome of which was that the vessels of each nation frequenting, or wishing to frequent, the grounds were allotted a definite area wherein they might pursue their calling untroubled. In this distribution of districts the English managed to secure not only the most favourite spots, but also the best harbours. Thenceforward the fishery went on peaceably, but it soon became manifest that under settled conditions the Dutch were steadily gaining ground, while the English were certainly not making that progress which might have been expected. So well-established did the Dutch fishery soon become that they erected forts, dwelling-houses, and boiling-down establishments of substantial character, and a considerable village arose called Smeerenberg, which, deserted every winter, renewed every spring its busy hum of eager toil. Their season's take also became so large that cargo vessels were chartered for the sole purpose of carrying home the abundant spoil. Their charters were again and again renewed, not without growing opposition from those of their countrymen who would fain have shared their gains. By degrees other companies were formed, and succeeded in entering the exclusive ring, until in 1636 the fishery under the monopoly attained the zenith of its prosperity. From thence it began to decline so rapidly that it is said the adventurers' losses exceeded all their former gains—a statement difficult to believe.

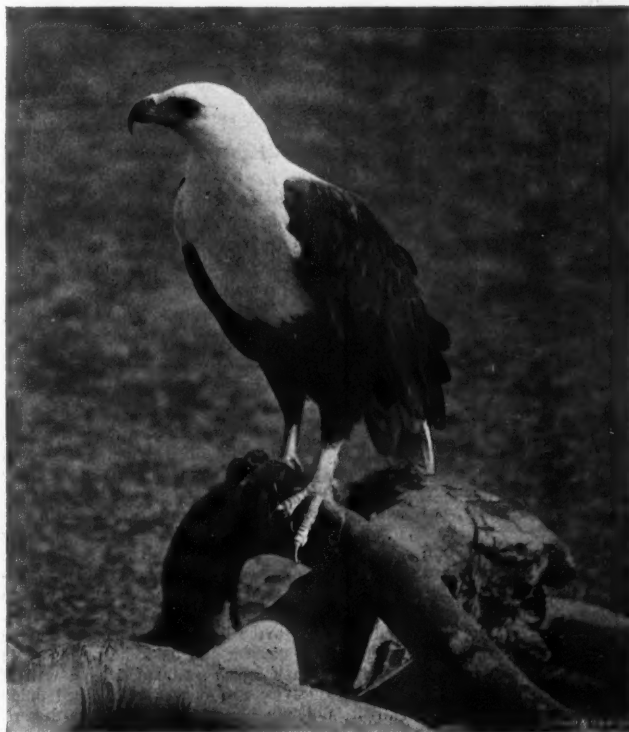
During these fat years the English fishery had dwindled to insignificance, only an occasional ship clearing for the whaling grounds, and even these stragglers met with poor success. At last, in consequence of the persevering petitions from other ports of the Low Countries, renewal of the charters was refused. The immediate effect of this was the increase of the Dutch fishery tenfold, and De Witt says ("Interest of Holland") that at this period (1640) the Dutch Greenland fleet numbered 300 sail, manned by a force of 18,000 men! In 1653, owing to the war between England and Holland, the fishery was suspended, also from the same cause in 1659 and 1665-67. But during these periods of inactivity severe penalties were imposed by the Dutch upon such of their officers or skilled whalers who should dare to offer their services to any foreign Power. And if any Dutch ship did venture to the Arctic, she was prohibited from landing her cargo in any foreign country under a penalty of 6,000 guilders, security for which had to be provided by the owners before she was allowed to sail. Despite these drawbacks, the Dutch whale fishery continued to flourish. Between the years 1660 and 1670 there were often 400 or 500 Dutch and Hamburg ships at Spitzbergen, while the English seldom sent even a solitary vessel. Occasional attempts were made to revive our trade there, the Government being fully alive to its many advantages, direct and indirect. Bounties and monopolies were granted, protective duties were imposed upon foreign oil and whalebone to the extent of £9 per ton of oil and £18 per ton of whalebone, while all English produce was admitted duty free. Tempted by these advantages, a company was formed in 1693 with a capital of £40,000, afterwards increased to £82,000, the whole of which immense sum (for that time) was lost in a few years. Yet in 1697 the Superintendent of the Dutch Fishery remarks ("Beschryving der Walvisvangst") that when lying in one of the bays with his ship, the Four Brothers, having a cargo of seven whales on board, a fleet of 192 ships assembled there bearing the produce of 1,888 whales. Of these vessels 121 were Dutch; the rest were Hamburgers and Prussians, but of English vessels there was not one.

Such an amazing drain annually upon even the vast resources of those seas now began to tell. Gradually whales became scarcer and wilder, until, from constantly extending their researches farther from their base, the whalers established the Davis Straits fishery. When the eighteenth century dawned the Dutch were still in the full flood of their fortunes, for it appears, from a list published in London in 1721, that the Arctic whaling fleet numbered then 355 sail, 251 of whom hailed from various ports in Holland, 55 from Hamburg, 24 from Bremen, 20 from Biscayan ports, and 5 from Norway. The lapse of twenty years having somewhat dulled the edge of the fright capitalists had taken at the last tremendous loss, in 1721 a proposition was made by an enthusiastic whaling captain, named Henry Elking, to the South Sea Company for again attempting the Arctic whale fishery. After three years' deliberation the perseverance of Elking was successful in inducing the company to make the venture. A fleet of twelve ships of about 300 tons burden each were built on the Thames. Boiling-houses and wharves were erected, and all preparations were made on an extensive scale. In 1725 the fleet sailed, returning safely with twenty-five whales. This haul paid expenses, but left no margin of profit because of the extravagant management. Not the least item of the great expense was the high wages given to the Holsteiners whom it was necessary to engage to teach the Englishmen their duties. A very moderate portion of success was met with, but sufficient, coupled with a high bounty, to warrant the building of ten more ships in 1730, by which addition the fleet was increased to twenty-two sail. That season there was a nett loss to the company of £8,000. Thenceforward things became worse each succeeding year, until, after having sunk an immense sum, the South Sea Company abandoned their Arctic whale fishery in 1732. During their reign the gun by means of which a harpoon could be fired into a whale from a considerable distance was invented, and, in spite of opposition by the harpooners, met with a fair measure of success. Yet this useful weapon received no approbation from those it was intended to benefit, and soon fell entirely into disuse.

A long list of reasons have been advanced why our countrymen had failed so signally in the profitable prosecution of the whale fishery when the Dutch were so uniformly successful. When all of them have been considered, however, we are driven to the conclusion that only one of them really accounts for the annoying fact. It is that English extravagance was no match for Dutch thrift. There is not the slightest reason to believe that Englishmen were less energetic, courageous, or persevering than Hollanders. Indeed, when the whales, by reason of the persecution to which they had been so long subjected, had become wary, wild, and scarce, needing much more push and bravery than formerly, English whalers continually proved their superiority to their European competitors in these respects.

The terrible period through which the Low Countries passed during the first half of the eighteenth century gradually crippled their Arctic enterprise. Seeing this, the British Government again endeavoured to revive the much-desired Arctic

fishery at home. In 1733, a bounty of 20s. per ton was offered to every ship engaging in it, in addition to other privileges, too numerous to recapitulate here, which were enjoyed by no other trade afloat. The results were most disappointing, for in 1749 only six ships were employed in the carefully-nursed fishery. An increase of 10s. per ton did not mend matters, so the bounty was finally raised to 40s., which had the long-wished-for effect. The English fishery began to flourish, and the Scotch merchants also joined in the race. By 1769 the number of vessels had grown to ninety-eight, and the trade being apparently well established, the Government naturally desired to reduce the enormous expense to the nation in proportion to its income, the average annual cost being nearly £31,000. The bounty was reduced to 30s. per ton, with the result that in five years the number of ships had fallen from ninety-eight to thirty-nine. Alarmed at this serious decline, the Government again raised the bounty to its old figure; 1786 saw the matter again before Parliament, with a motion to reduce the expense by cutting down the bounty to 30s. It was then stated that £1,265,461 had been paid in support of the whale fishery by the country, that in the last year £94,858 had been voted for that purpose, and that in consequence the public were mulcted of sixty per cent. on every cargo. And although 6,000 seamen were now employed in the trade, every man of whom cost the country £13 10s. per annum, it was never able to obtain more than 500 of them for service in the Navy; 185 British ships were then employed in the whale fishery, of whom a goodly number were engaged in the Southern Seas, or sperm whale fishery, of which more anon. The proposed reduction took place, with gratifying results. The fishery continued to increase until, in 1788, Great Britain possessed 250 whale-ships, whose catch consisted of 5,989 tons of oil, 7,654 cwt. of whalebone, and 13,386 sealskins. There was no longer any doubt as to the firm establishment of the British whale fishery, in proof of which no falling off was caused by the still further reduction of the bounty to 20s. per ton, at which it remained for many years. But it is almost certain that this prosperity was due largely, if not entirely, to the South Sea whale fishery, which, in 1791, employed seventy goodly ships.



VOCIFEROUS SEA EAGLE AT MOTTISFONT.

Across the Atlantic the North American colonists had early proved their aptitude for the hazardous profession of whaling. From puny beginnings they rapidly increased the number of their vessels until, in 1767, their fleet consisted of 300 vessels, mostly of small tonnage, since they had not to go far from home. In 1770 they exported to England over 5,000 tons of oil, and 113,000 lb. of whalebone. This fishery, however, considerable as it was, soon paled into insignificance before another branch of whaling, which was established by these hardy descendants of the Puritans, who combined Dutch thrift with British energy. History affords no clue as to when the first sperm whale was caught, or by whom. But the well-known allusion in Shakespeare—

"The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise."
—KING HENRY IV., Act I., Scene 3

—affords conclusive proof that this unique product of the cachalot was known in England in his time at any rate. Probably an occasional straggler was taken by the Arctic whalers as they sailed along the English coasts, but no attempt was made to search for them systematically. The shores of America, as far north as the Bay of Fundy, were a favourite feeding ground of these most valuable cetacea, which are not to be found in the frigid zones, but in every temperate or tropical sea. Their well-known fierceness and activity must have needed no small amount of courage on the part of their assailants, their very appearance being terrifying to those only acquainted with the sluggish and timid mysticete. The Americans soon made the sperm whale fishery peculiarly their own, enjoying an unquestioned monopoly of it until the outbreak of the War of Independence. By that time the import of sperm oil and spermaceti into Britain had become so large that its sudden stoppage drove English merchants to seek it for themselves. This was effected by the aid of American whalers, hired at high rates, and was carried on with much success, until the Yankees again asserted their supremacy in the cachalot fishery. English ships, however, must be credited with having carried the trade round Cape Horn, and thence into remotest seas. But their

numbers gradually dwindled from the beginning of the present century, and less than forty years ago the last of the English South Sea men disappeared. The Americans, on the other hand, raised their whale fishery of the whole globe to a pinnacle of greatness never approached by any other nation. Nevertheless, it received a blow during the Civil War from which it has never recovered; and although at the present time there is still a small fleet of American whale-ships, they are fast disappearing.

A brief mention must necessarily be made of the Australasian whale fishery, which once boasted a large number of ships, hailing chiefly from Hobart and Sydney. Being within easy reach of the most crowded haunts of the cachalot and Southern right whale, they flourished famously for a time, sending 2,700 tons of sperm oil to England in 1836, but they, too, have all disappeared. Now,

around the southern slopes of the planet, the sperm whales, unmolested, are increasing enormously, and not many years ago the writer saw repeatedly about the South of New Zealand schools numbering many hundreds at a time.

But the many modern illuminants which brighten our homes and streets, the innumerable substitutes for whale oil, both vegetable and mineral, which have been discovered in recent years, have made the whale fishery on the ancient lines so unprofitable, that unless great success in catching the animals could be assured, it was bound to die out. Yet we may linger a moment over its obsequies in memory of the debt of gratitude we all owe it in the shape of romance. On that side it is an inexhaustible mine, into which, for obvious reasons, we have not even dared to peep in the course of this article.

FRANK T. BULLEN, F.R.G.S.



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

IN spite of our having in recent years made great strides in England in matters of cuisine, we have still, both in private houses and restaurants, excepting the very best of each, much to learn as regards vegetable cookery. And I do not mean only to, strictly speaking, learn, but also to bear in mind, what dainty dishes may be made from vegetables, the value of which is apt to be overlooked. To women, and there are a good many, to whom meat is distasteful, some suggestions will, I am sure, be welcome for dishes which are more or less complete in themselves, and not mere accompaniments to entrées and relevés.

A VEGETABLE CURRY.

Chinese artichokes are an excellent garnish for a dainty entrée; they can also be utilised for soup, and are very nice if plainly boiled and served with white sauce, when the peculiar nutty flavour they possess is particularly noticeable. I think a curry composed of this little vegetable will be a novelty to most of my readers, as I have never seen Chinese artichokes served in this way except at my own table. Very carefully scrape the artichokes, throwing each one as it is done into cold acidulated water; when all are ready place them in a large saucepan with plenty of boiling water—salted and acidulated—and let them boil until they are tender, without being too soft. Directly they are done, drain them without delay in a colander, and then turn them on to a cloth. Have ready some curry sauce, made according to the directions given below, put the artichokes into it, then place the curry in a stewpan and let it heat gradually; as soon as it is thoroughly hot serve it on a hot dish surrounded by a wall of carefully-prepared spinach. For the sauce fry two ounces of chopped onion in the same weight of butter until it is lightly browned; then add a dessert-spoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of curry paste and one and a-half ounces of flour. Cook the ingredients together for six minutes, stirring them gently all the time. Pour in by degrees half a pint of delicately-flavoured chicken broth and a gill of infusion of cocoa-nut; when the sauce has boiled up and thickened add a tablespoonful of tomato pulp, a dessert-spoonful of sweet chutney, a small teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar, a squeeze of lemon juice, and a teaspoonful of turmeric powder; let the sauce simmer for half-an-hour, then strain it through a fine sieve and add a gill of cream and the artichokes.

SALSIFY AU GRATIN.

Pass some salsify which has been carefully cooked through a sieve, reserving a few of the best pieces, which should be cut into small rounds. Mix the purée to a soft paste with some rich velouté sauce, season it with celery salt, cayenne, a very little nutmeg, and black pepper. Butter some coquilles, place a layer of the purée in them, then arrange some of the pieces of salsify on it, after masking them with white sauce; cover them with the purée, and smooth the tops; then sprinkle lightly with Parmesan, and cover thickly with fine dry bread-crumbs; place some little pieces of butter on the top, and put the shells in a quick oven until the crumbs are evenly browned.

FRIED CELERY.

Celery, if fried according to the following directions, is a very nice garnish for the middle of a dish of fried or grilled cutlets. Cook some celery in white stock until it is tender, and when it has cooled cut it into pieces about 2in. in length, dip them into white sauce, and put them aside until the sauce has cooled and set. Dip the celery—one piece at a time—into beaten egg, and then cover it with fine bread-crumbs which have been seasoned with salt and pepper. Let the celery remain untouched for about half-an-hour after it is ready before being fried in a bath of boiling fat. Jerusalem artichokes, like celery, are seldom served except masked with a sauce of some kind, and they too can be fried with a very good result. Cook the artichokes until they are tender (but not soft), after trimming them either into round balls or pyramids; drain them, and when they have cooled dip them into egg and then into bread-crumbs, and fry them in a wire basket until they are a golden brown.

TIMBALE OF ARTICHOKE.

Ornament the top of a plain mould, which has been well buttered, with macedoine vegetables, line the sides evenly with straight pipe macaroni, and fill it with a purée of either Jerusalem or globe artichokes (the bottled fonds d'artichauts are excellent for making the purée). The purée must be well seasoned with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, and should be mixed with a small quantity of stiff velouté sauce, some finely-minced truffles, two or three beaten eggs, and two or three tablespoonfuls of whipped cream. Care must be taken that the purée is not too moist, or the timbale will not turn out successfully; it should be steamed very gently for an hour. Place a wall of spinach round a hot dish, and garnish it with leaves of puff paste; turn the timbale into the middle, and pour some rich cheese sauce round it.

LITTLE ARTICHOKE SOUFFLÉS.

Take a pint of sieved artichoke bottoms, and mix them with a quarter of a pint of stiff white sauce, a tablespoonful of sieved spinach, and a gill of cream; season with celery salt, pepper, and a dust of sugar, then stir in the yolks of three eggs, and, when these are well mixed with the purée, the whites whisked to a stiff froth. Butter some little moulds, and nearly fill them with the mixture; place a piece of buttered paper on the top of each, and steam them very gently for three-quarters of an hour. Serve the soufflés surrounded by thick tomato sauce.

STEWED CHICORY.

Chicory, although usually sent to table raw as salad, can be cooked in various ways. In this case the heads should be very neatly trimmed and left whole; after washing the vegetable well, put it into boiling salted water to which a little lemon juice has been added, and let it boil for ten minutes. Then take it out and drain it on a cloth, and let it stew gently in white stock until it is done. Make half a pint of creamy béchamel sauce, let it boil up, and then add a teaspoonful of finely-minced tarragon, and the yolk of an egg which has been beaten up with rather more than a teaspoonful of tarragon vinegar; remove the pan from the fire directly the egg is added, and continue to stir the sauce for a few minutes. Dish up the chicory, after draining it well, on a hot dish, mask each piece with the sauce, and pour the remainder over it. Chicory can also be braised and served with some good brown sauce.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.



MY DEAR ROGER,—

I am not, as you know, given to social gaieties as a rule, and so I have not personally been affected by the fact which my younger friends grumblingly convey to me that the winter here has been markedly duller than usual. Why this should be so it seems difficult to say, and perhaps the complaint is only the conventional one that the gilded youth of our own generation were also wont to make as each year came round and the pleasures of the past became magnified by the mists of time. Certainly then, as now, it always seemed as if one had to seek for the big functions in the country, for out of the season how can one expect swell entertainments in town? The event seems

to have been the great ball at Chatsworth. Several men who were present have told me that it was one of the most magnificent affairs at which they were ever present, the decorations being most artistic, and the supper served in the great orangery one of the most fairy-like spectacles imaginable. Although there must have been over 500 guests, the room was by no means crowded, and those who went to really dance were not disappointed. The whole country-side was present, and a large contingent, chiefly of bachelors, travelled down from town.

I went up to St. John's Wood yesterday to call upon W—. From him I heard some gossip about the changes at Lord's which may interest you. When you come up, as you are wont to do, for the Oxford and Cambridge, you will miss many familiar landmarks. The tennis court, for instance, with its ivy-covered wall and old clock dial, will have gone, for not only the tennis but the racquet court also has been pulled down, so as to afford room for another spectators' stand, which will run along the southern boundary of the grounds. But tennis and racquets are not to be banished *in toto*. New courts will be built behind the Pavilion on some new property the committee have just acquired in order to enlarge the grounds. Gradually these have been increased in area till W— tells me they are now doubled in extent since the time the M.C.C. first settled here, when they migrated from what is now Dorset Square.

Young F—, of the War Office, General W—'s nephew, has just been retailing some odds and ends of Service gossip to me. He tells me that Prince Francis of Teck has been working hard to secure some active employment, and has at last succeeded in obtaining the appointment of aide-de-camp to Major-General Leslie Rundle, who succeeds General Butler at Dover. On that succession, it appears, hangs a tale. When Butler left Dover his accomplished wife made up her mind to remain behind in the official residence, in order principally to finish her picture of "The Battle of Alma," on which she has been at work for a long time. When the Rundles wanted to move in, the artist refused to give up possession. The case was first referred to Sir Evelyn Wood, who decided against the lady, then she in turn appealed to the Commander-in-Chief; Lord Wolseley said she might stay, much to the annoyance of Sir Evelyn. Finally, a compromise was arrived at, and she agreed to move out about the end of this month. It all seems very unaccountable; but, then, "the artistic temperament," you know!

You are, I know, no great admirer of Holman Hunt, but Mary, who is appealed to by the religious element in his work, will be glad to hear that his new picture, "The Miracle of the Sacred Fire," is, after five years' laborious work, practically finished. It represents the ceremony which takes place on Easter Eve in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, when the supposed Sacred Fire is kindled within the Sepulchre, and the flame is passed to one another by the crowd of Greek, Russian, Armenian, and Syrian worshippers, who have wearily travelled from their distant homes in order to be present at "the miracle." I am told the canvas contains over 400 figures, and is, of course, finished with all that minute realism which distinguishes Hunt's work. As a study of Oriental costume, at any rate, it is remarkable and interesting.

We humble members of the general public ought to be very grateful to Lord Derby, Lord Crewe, Lord Farquhar, and the other members of the new Covent Garden Syndicate. They have subscribed a large sum in order to buy out Mr. Faber, and so secure to us the prospect of a really fine operatic season this year. They not only gave him £110,000 for his lease, costumes, scenery, and acting rights of the Wagnerian and other popular operas, but are going to spend a large sum in building a new stage with all the latest mechanical appliances. Best of all, they have put the direction into the hands of Maurice Grau, than whom there is no man living better qualified to give us good opera, for he is the one man whose tact and knowledge enable him to grapple with the difficulties that a company of celebrated *prima donne* and favourite tenors entail on a manager. Whether the venture will be financially successful is another matter, but if anyone can make opera pay it is Grau.

For once I find myself in cordial agreement with Lord Grimthorpe, and I think even you would forget your grievances against him in regard to the havoc he has wrought at St. Albans, and wish him success in the new crusade he has undertaken. You always say when you come up to town that it is the easiest city in the world for anyone not an inhabitant to lose himself in, and now Lord Grimthorpe makes it clear that even an inhabitant finds it no easy task to find his way about, even in a familiar neighbourhood. This principally arises, as he points out, from the fact that the names of the streets are not painted up, or, if so, are illegible save in bright sunlight. He proposes that the names should be lettered on the street lamps, and though this has been done in some few districts, the wonder is that it has not been made universal. Not only on lamps at street corners, but at intervals along each thoroughfare, ought the names to be clearly and legibly inscribed. But this is just one of the points in which our hopelessly conservative London is years behind its provincial and foreign sisters.

I hear some gossip as to whom the vacant Garter is to be bestowed upon. That rising young man the Duke of Marlborough seems a favourite in some quarters, but I do not think it at all likely that he will be the fortunate individual, for the Garter is generally a reward for services to the State either as Cabinet Minister, as territorial magnate who has exercised marked political influence, or as public servant. The Duke of Marlborough as yet has not qualified in any one of these directions. As to Lord Curzon, it is at the end rather than at the beginning of a great career that the Garter is bestowed. As to the Duke of Fife, he already has the Thistle, and it is not thought advisable that the two distinctions should go together if it can be avoided, a view which also seems likely to debar Lord Dufferin, who has the Order of St. Patrick. Either the Duke of Portland or the new Duke of Northumberland seems to be most generally considered as having the best chance.

From Dukes to "Bounders" you will think a marked change of subject, but in regard to the bouncer there has been an amusing controversy lately, both as to its definition and its origin. As regards the latter, nothing I think is more futile than an attempt to discover the origin of a slang word. It is enough to say that all we know for certain is that the first recognition of the word as orthodox slang seems to have been in 1889, when it appeared in Barrère's "Argot and Slang" as the equivalent of the French *mufle*. The word itself, with its suggestion of vulgar and unnecessarily strenuous action, denotes its derivation. As to its definition, no less a master of modern argot than Arthur Roberts seems hopelessly at sea. He apparently looks upon a bouncer simply as one who is a nuisance and an intruder. Clearly he is wrong. At the University a bouncer is an undergraduate who does not conform to the manners, dress, and pursuits of the majority of his fellows. In ordinary life he is the superior cad, a sort of upper or middle class "Arry." He is well dressed, and he mixes to some extent in decent Society, but there is a nameless something about him which brings him into the ranks of "boundership."

Yours as ever,

CHARLES TOWNLEY.



THERE is really very little to write about under the above heading as regards last week's racing, and far more interest attaches just now to the entries for the Spring Handicaps, the reports from training quarters as to how last year's crack yearlings are progressing, and the various items of stud news, than to the miserable apology for sport which is all we ever see under National Hunt Rules in these days. It was not difficult to foresee, at the time when the new rules as to the measurements of steeplechase fences were passed, that their application to *natural* countries would in time sound the death-knell of the old-fashioned country meetings, which formed the best nursery for the proper stamp of chaser, and so cause the gradual extinction of the sport. So it has proved, and the depth of decadence to which steeplechasing has now fallen shows plainly enough that it must soon cease to exist altogether, unless the old conditions which were destroyed by National Hunt legislation are at once restored. Steeplechasing thirty years ago was a most flourishing and popular sport; at the present day it excites not the smallest public interest, and would not make enough money to support itself, if it were not for the assistance of hurdle-racing.

There were only two meetings last week, at Windsor on Wednesday and Thursday, and at Plumpton on Friday and Saturday. It would be difficult to say at which of these two we saw the worst sport. The four year old Brecon having won a Maiden Hurdle Race at Keele Park, and Imbrogio, of the same age, a Juvenile Hurdle Race at Hurst Park, they met at Windsor, on Wednesday, to decide which was the better of the two at even weights. The Hurst Park winner was made an odds on favourite, but Brecon beat him by a length, and they will neither of them ever set the Thames on fire. Lord Audley beat Stroller and two others for the Datchet Handicap Steeplechase, and old Marcellus, who runs more generously now than he used to, took the Selling Steeplechase, being bought in cheaply at 170 guineas. Old Doge took the Eton Handicap Hurdle Race Plate from a large field of bad horses, and backers had never had a look in up to now. Worse things yet were in store for them. Yorkmint, the best young chaser of the season, did look like coming to their rescue in the Park Steeplechase, and to lay 5 to 4 on him seemed to be a certain way of retrieving previous losses. He is by no means a certain fencer, however, and, unfortunately, he again lost his balance on this occasion, and sent backers home to lament the fact that not a single favourite had pulled them through all the afternoon.

On the second day Rigo, with 11 to 8 laid on him, beat his single opponent Golightly in the Stoke Steeplechase of two miles. Unfortunately this was the last race in which this ill-fated five year old was destined to take part. On his way home to Alfriston in the evening of the same day the horse-box in which he was travelling was blown off the rails and upset by the gale which blew with such terrific force throughout that night. When it was opened poor Rigo was found inside, dead. He would probably have made a useful horse at the game

with more schooling; at any rate, he was one of the most promising recruits of his age, and his death under such circumstances is a piece of real bad luck for his owner. The Irish-bred Prattle, by May Boy out of the late Mr. Linde's Small Talk, who was once thought useful, has come down to selling plating, but she will keep on winning in that class of company, and she was bought in cheaply for 200 guineas after taking the Selling National Hunt Flat Race by six lengths from Lord Percy, with four others behind the pair.

The clerk of the weather did his best to spoil sport at Plumpton on Friday, but there was a fair attendance nevertheless, and the sport was quite up to the usual Plumpton standard. Backers must have fared well, the favourites getting home first five times out of six. The good thing of the day was No Fool in the Plumpton Hurdle Handicap. This five year old son of Wiseman had won the Kingston Handicap Hurdle Race Plate at Hurst Park in clever style, as well as the Horsham Hurdle Race at Gatwick, but his Plumpton admirers were able to back him at 9 to 4 on, and the odds were never in jeopardy. The last time Simon Pure, who is a four year old son of Retreat, was seen in public was when he finished second to Nun Nicer in the September Stakes at Sandown Park, and it therefore looked as if better class would pull him through in the Paddock Selling Hurdle Race. He was, nevertheless, allowed to start at 6 to 1, and after galloping over his opponents all the way, he won in the hollowest style by fifty lengths, being subsequently bought in cheaply at 175 guineas. On the second day Lord Percy won the Barcombe Handicap Steeplechase of two miles by a head. The son of Autocrat was once a very smart horse, but always an incorrigible rogue, and he got more than one jockey into trouble.

Sport is going a bit more merrily this week, and we shall probably see some racing worth the name at Hurst Park to-morrow and Saturday. There are some good horses engaged in the Surbiton Steeplechase of three miles on the first day, including Drogheda (12st. 3lb.), Parma Violet (11st. 13lb.), Cathal (11st. 7lb.), and Gentle Ida (11st. 7lb.). The last-named is not likely to run, or she would win as she liked; but if the other three were to meet, we should have a race worth seeing, and I should fancy the game little Parma Violet. Those well-known performers on the flat—Orzil, Minstrel, Dielytra, and Spook—are all engaged in the Maiden Hurdle Race; but I know nothing of their jumping capabilities, though I think the first-named the most likely horse I have ever seen to make a great hurdler, and he might turn out another Chandos. Another interesting event will be the Middlesex Handicap Steeplechase, of two miles, if Ebor (12st. 10lb.) and Sweet Charlotte (12st. 5lb.) should oppose each other over the favourite distance of each. There was a time when I should have fancied the "Waler" most, but I doubt if he is as good as he once was, and I do not think he can now give weight to the Irish mare. Harvesting or Irish Girl might win the New Year Handicap Hurdle Race Plate; and old Ebor has

probably enough dash left to win the Courtlands Handicap Steeplechase, if he can give 26lb. to Mount Dalton.

Another batch of entries for various Spring Handicaps came to hand in last Thursday's "Calendar," and I have been much amused by the letter which has appeared in a daily contemporary asking why all the entries and declarations of forfeit which were made on Tuesday, January 3rd, could not have been published in the "Calendar" of the following Thursday, instead of many of them being held over until the following week. If the writer knew as much about Messrs. Weatherby's office as I do, he would be more likely to wonder that they ever appeared at all, than that any of them were delayed. In connection with this I read as follows in last Saturday's *Sportsman*: "I am afraid that we are rather fossilised in our way of conducting racing in this country." If the writer had said *very* instead of *rather*, he would not have been exaggerating. The same gentleman goes on to say: "I might point out that we have never given the starting machine anything like a fair trial." This we certainly never have, and why the Jockey Club goes on slumbering peacefully through season after season of false starts and interminable delays at the post, which lead to horses being spoilt, owners disappointed, and the public robbed, and only play into the hands of dishonest jockeys and bookmakers, whilst all the time the remedy is ready to their hands, it would have puzzled Solomon to say.

The Australian Trenton will have a few two year olds running for him this year, and there is pretty certain to be a winner or two among them as well. The colt out of Golden Agnes, sister to Kendal, one of the handsomest yearlings at Doncaster last year, and for whom Mr. Purefoy gave 1,100 guineas, is likely to do well, whilst I have also heard good accounts of the colt out of Thessaly, sister to Thessalian. The same sire, Trenton, was on Tuesday in last week presented with a bay colt by Polly Eccles, a daughter of Beaudesert and The Ind, sister to Craig Millar, and his foal out of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's All Gay, by Brag, which will probably come into the world before these notes appear in print, will have a double cross of the invaluable Fisherman blood. Trenton had a number of good mares last season, and his companions, Patron and Abercorn, at the same stud are being well patronised by breeders, so that we are not at all unlikely to see a big boom in Australian blood, which will no doubt be gall and wormwood to the unfortunate old gentleman who ridiculed the idea of a "Waler" winning a big handicap in this country only a day or two before Merman won the Cesarewitch. Among the Australian-bred horses now in training in this country, Merman, Maluma, Aurum II., Newhaven II., and Survivor are not unlikely to run well during the coming season, and as there are several others here already, and more coming, including Grafter, it might pay well to follow the "Walers" during the racing season of 1899.

OUTPOST.



"School."

THERE is nothing harder to kill than tradition. The "Robertson" cult has been dinned into our ears so long that it has almost become an axiom in the dramatic Euclid. Far be it from the mind of anyone who appreciates sentiment and humour in the drama to attempt to depreciate the works of Robertson. All that one has good reason to object to is the theory that Robertson can do no wrong; that he is not to be judged like other men; that everything he did was without reproach. Robertson is not a demi-god, an all-inspired genius; he had his failures and his successes, his good work and his bad. "Caste" is a fine play, a play which, in the opinion of many of us, will live; a play any dramatist might be proud to have written.

"School," while it was the most successful of all his works, and ran for hundreds of nights under the Bancroft management at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre off the Tottenham Court Road, is a poor play, a weak play, a sentimental play as distinct from a play of sentiment. It is all talk, and, with the exception of two or three fanciful and pretty love scenes, talk of a not very exhilarating nature. It is inspired by the homely German sentiment of a past age—and obviously inspired. It has none of the enduring qualities, none of the acute pathos of "Caste," of whose author it is unworthy. It has no character to compare with Eccles or Gerridge—none that is "in the same street" with them; not even Naomi Tighe, the best of the bunch. Beau Farintosh is utterly conventional; it must have been conventional even in those far-off days of thirty years ago; so with Poyntz; so with the rest of them. There is no scene to compare with any one in "Caste," with the parting of D'Alroy from Esther, with D'Alroy's return and his first meeting with his baby; nothing so memorable, so amusing, so true and real as Hawtree. How the public of the time could have stomach "School" after "Caste" is a mystery.

Of course, in writing like this of one of the pets of our fathers, one lays himself open to the sneer that he cannot differentiate between the play and the acting; cannot see that it is the representation of "School" in 1899 which is at fault, and not the piece. To this the reply is, first, that not all the histrionic genius of all the world in all the centuries could make "School" a good play in essentials; and, secondly, that in the present revival there is an actor whose original performance in the central part of Beau Farintosh has been noted as a fine one ever since. Mr. Hare played Beau Farintosh then, he is playing it now. There is nothing to the discredit of the actor that he made no great impression the other evening, for the part is utterly unworthy of him. Yet, nevertheless, his reappearance provides an admirable object-lesson of the things over which our elders raved, and on which they have never ceased to dwell—when they wish to preach the degeneracy of the stage in the present day. Well, we have seen one of their little gods, and we think very little of him—of Beau Farintosh, not Mr. Hare. And we have the right to argue by analogy; we have the right to ask if Marie Wilton's Naomi Tighe could have been so very much better than Miss May Harvey's, whose performance—hers, the new comer's—seemed to be just as instinct with life and all that is artistic as Mr. John Hare's, the veteran's.

No, no; "School" is not a fine play, and there is no use pretending that it is. No good will come to the Drama by lauding the shoddy simply because it is antique. We can form a very fair judgment of "School"—we have the printed page; we have Mr. Hare; and we have as clever a company to interpret it as could be desired. With all these, it is stale, flat, and unprofitable. Its humour is not very sparkling, its pathos comes near to bathos, and its characterisation is inferior to that of most of the first-class plays we see to-day. All honour to Robertson for the excellent work he did, the work of a reformer; who swept away the cobwebs, who wrote many charming plays—who cleared the air then as Ibsen has cleared it now; who has

had vast influence on those who come after, as Ibsen will have; who had something immeasurably precious which Ibsen has not—sympathy, charm, a belief in human nature and a love for it; an appreciation for the pure and the sweet, which Ibsen has not.

Mr. Hare's *Beau Farintosh* is a capital piece of character acting, such as we can see at any important theatre any day in the week. It is not Mr. Hare's fault that higher praise cannot conscientiously be given, it is the fault of the part; for given the material, Mr. Hare can act as no other actor of his own *genre* can act, but *Beau Farintosh* does not give him the opportunity. Miss May Harvey's Naomi Tighe is delightful; in spite of the actress's self-consciousness, she has a roguish humour, a suggestive pathos, a power of indicating much by little which will stand her in good stead in many a finer part than that of Naomi. So with the imperturbable Mr. Fred Kerr. He is a comedian to his finger tips, instinct with the spirit of quiet fun; yet not even he could make Poyntz anything very wonderful. So with Mr. Gillert Hare, who gave a fine performance of Krux, the tutor. So with Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis, who was everything that was charming as Bella. So with Miss Coleman, and Mr. Day, and Mr. Gillmore—all were worthy of better work. It is quite impossible after this revival of "*School*" to pretend that old plays suffer from modern acting. The truth is that modern acting suffers from the old plays. Except, perhaps, in tragedy, it has got beyond it. And that is because superficially, at any rate, life has developed more along the lines of comedy than tragedy, and the actors are but the mirrors of the men and women of their time.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

IT will be a regular "first night" at the St. James's Theatre when Mrs. Craigie's one-act play is produced as an after-piece to "*The Ambassador*." Of course, it is only an author of importance who can command the attendance of the faithful for the *premiere* of a *lever de rideau*, but Mrs. Craigie—"John Oliver Hobbes"—has jumped into this pleasant position all at once; one speaks, of course, of her position as a dramatic author; as a novelist it has been assured for a long time. "*A Repentance*," for that is the name of the playlet, is a tragedy, concerned with the struggle between the Carlists and the followers of Queen Christina of Spain—period, 1865. The chief woman character is the Countess Des Escas, who was also a leading figure in Mrs. Craigie's novel, "*The School for Saints*." In the book she is a middle-aged woman; in the play, we see her in her youth.

Following on the announcement of "*A Repentance*" comes the inspired statement that "*John Oliver Hobbes*" next important effort will be cast in a much more serious mould than "*The Ambassador*." One does not know, quite, whether to be glad or sorry that Mrs. Craigie is not content to bask in the sunshine, but wishes to explore the caves and dungeons of life. It will no doubt be a stimulating and forceful play; but, in her own words, happy plays like "*The Ambassador*" make the world very pleasant. However, serious or merely sentimental—sentimental in its best sense—the stage work of Mrs. Craigie is already assured of a keen and earnest attention. Fancy, Mrs. Craigie, in her first big effort, wrote the play of the year! There was nothing in 1898 to compare with "*The Ambassador*."

While on the subject of "*The Ambassador*" it will be in place to say that its revival at the St. James's only confirms the opinion of its admirers, and brings back to one the delightful experiences of its birth. Of not many plays can this be said. Its humanity—such a beautiful humanity—is as true as its wit is keen; we generally have to pay for our wit by the exorciation of our humanity. But "*John Oliver Hobbes*" does a very wonderful thing—she weds epigram to good nature, for there is nothing in her disposition or the bent of her talent to forbid the banns. Acted with the perfection of the St. James's company, every point goes home, every sally rings true, we are kept continually on the *qui vive* lest the author should get the better of us, lest some subtlety should go unappreciated.

Mr. Arthur Collins announces that his next pantomime at Drury Lane will be founded on "*Jack and the Beanstalk*," and Mr. Oscar Barrett has published the fact that he has also chosen the same subject. Well, it does not much matter, for the pantomime narration of a story is not likely to keep very near the original; and, in all probability, the only thing alike in the two productions will be the title. But the fact that the two West End pantomime managers should have hit on the same tale brings home forcibly the extraordinary conservatism of the producers of these Christmas entertainments which confines the selection of subject to some dozen or so threadbare stories. The reply to any objection on this score would probably be that it is necessary to give the children something that they know all about; but, leaving out the retort that they can know nothing about the extraordinary developments to which a fairy story is submitted ere it reaches the footlights, one can meet the point very fairly with the argument that there are a hundred stories in Grimm, Hans Andersen, and the rest, with which the children are equally familiar, though they have never had the chance of seeing them illustrated on the stage. It is difficult to imagine a reason for the repetition year after year of the well-worn fables, which have by this time surely earned a well-deserved retirement.

Writing of pantomime, let me take the opportunity of calling the attention of lovers of good dancing to the extraordinary skill and grace of Miss Katie Vesey, who, as *Tangerine*, in "*Dick Whittington*" at the Adelphi, gives us a vision of dancing that is quite unique, so far as my experience goes. There is nothing like it to be seen anywhere, nor has there been for many years. This very young lady seems to possess the attributes of a *Taglione*, from what one reads of the world-famous dancer—not that she gives us an example of the Italian school, or the "toe-dancing" of the *prima ballerina*; but every movement is so facile, so full of grace, and, yes, so dramatic—the dancer seems to be throwing her whole soul into the thing—that, if for this alone, "*Dick Whittington*" has serious claims on one's attention. But there is another extra-special attraction at the Adelphi, for Miss Millie Legarde shows how graceful and dainty and refined and vivacious a "pantomime boy" may be. There is

nothing of the music hall in Miss Legarde's methods, and her Captain of the good ship *Unicorn* is one of the most attractive things in a most attractive pantomime.

There is an intellectual activity about the stage just now which is quite exhilarating after the dormant content which for so long has smothered originality and virile purpose. Not among the dramatists, more's the pity, though we are hoping that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play for Mr. Tree—which we may see about the middle of the year, not before, because "*The Musketeers*," for some extraordinary reason, continues to fill the theatre to overflowing—may prove to be in his best form, something to make us think; and Mr. Pinero is hard at work on his comedy for Mr. Hare. But it is not to the dramatists that one refers. There is a certain indefinable air of resolution about—the wish to do something big. And can you guess what has been responsible for this excellent reawakening? The Press—the malignant Press—which for some time now has been begging our great managers to forget for the nonce that they are tradesmen, and to do something in the cause of that Art of which they profess to be such devoted followers. PHŒBUS.

RIFLES AND PISTOLS.

TO the sportsman the most notable event in rifle manufacture during the past twelve months was the production of the double .256-bore sporting rifle. This weapon, which is likely to take a leading place on many of our deer forests, was brought out almost simultaneously last spring by two well-known firms of rifle manufacturers. To term the weapon an invention would perhaps be a stretch of the word, but in the working out of the parts, and the assembling of them together in the new double rifle, a great deal of ingenuity was exhibited by the rival firms, the result, curiously enough, in each case being so similar in appearance and construction that one could almost imagine that the same mind and hand had been concerned in the manufacture of both of the new weapons. Strength in the chambers was the point aimed at, the smallness of the bore greatly increasing the pressure of the powder charges. By the use of Krupp steel, and the fastening of the Krupp steel barrels by an ingenious process of dovetailing in place of brazing, the manufacturers succeeded in turning out a most serviceable sporting rifle, giving a velocity nearly 400 ft. per second higher than that of the ordinary Service weapon. The double .256-bore is therefore a very strong, though a comparatively light, sporting firearm, weighing less than 8½ lb., and undoubtedly most effective in any deer-stalking foray. The precision, the convenience, and the flat trajectory of these single and double sporting firearms are such that year after year fine stags have less chance than ever of escaping from their pursuers. For though at one time the stopping power of the small-bore bullet was not at all equal to that of the bullet of the old express rifle, with which our best stalkers accomplished all their feats in days gone by in the forests, recent alterations in its formation for the stalking rifle have altered all that. By dint of continued experiments, the manufacturers of the double .256-bore of sporting rifle have now improved the bullet used in it, so that it mushrooms in the body of a stag, where formerly it was wont to pass through the flesh without bowling over the quarry. The new double small-bore sporting rifle is, we think, very likely to become popular in stalking, being now well suited to its requirements.

In pistols, the most recent development has taken the form of a magazine self-loading pistol. Curiously enough, it is to Germany we owe this new departure in breech-loading small-arms, though within the last month Belgium has added one more to the three varieties previously produced by the skill and ingenuity of German inventors. The three German automatic pistols are the Mauser, the Bergmann, and the Borchardt, and they all utilise recoil for the purpose of ejecting the exploded cases and placing fresh cartridges in the chamber, cocking the hammer and closing the breech. The Mauser magazine holds ten cartridges, the Bergmann five, and the Borchardt six. These cartridges are carried in a spring clip, with which the recharging of the magazine is almost a momentary action. By skilled operators remarkable rapidity of fire can be attained with each of these pistols. With the Mauser eighty shots per minute have been fired, with the Bergmann thirty shots per minute, and with the Borchardt forty shots in 45 sec. have been aimed and fired. Each of the three pistols is fitted with an ingenious combination holster-stock, enabling it to be discharged from the shoulder, if desired, as a carbine. The Mauser is the heaviest of the three, weighing about 2½ lb., while the others are made in various sizes, weighing from 1 lb. to 2 lb. Within the last few weeks has also been introduced a light Mauser, with only six cartridges in the magazine, and sighted to 100 yds., instead of 1,000 yds., to which the other is sighted. This weapon is intended mainly as a substitute for the old pattern revolver. It weighs only 2½ lb., and is much smaller than the ten-shot weapon, the barrel being 4½ in., as against 5½ in. in the larger one. On the shooter of any of these pistols there only devolves the duty of aiming, pulling the trigger for each shot, and, when required, recharging the magazine with the clip. The advantages, therefore, claimed for them over the old revolvers are (1) the magazine filled with ten cartridges more quickly than one cartridge is loaded into a revolver; (2) recoil, being utilised, is reduced; (3) increased accuracy; (4) increased range; (5) greater rapidity and safety; (6) protection from dust; (7) use of smokeless powder, and of nickel, solid, and soft nose bullets. It will be seen, therefore, that in these German arms we have a new and what may turn out to be a remarkable development in pistols, and it does appear somewhat strange that British inventors as yet do not seem to have paid any attention to this field. The only rival to the German inventor is to be found, as above mentioned, in Belgium, where gun-making firms have brought out the Pieper Semi-automatic Pistol quite recently, which was tried the other day for the first time in this country. In it, the cocking of the hammer is a voluntary act, and the action may therefore be termed semi-automatic, by having an ordinary double-acting hammer and trigger mechanism combined with an automatic extraction of the used cases by the operation of recoil, as in the German pistol, the reloading being performed as in them by the supply of ammunition from the magazine. Only when the shooter wishes to put the weapon into firing condition does cocking occur, and this is effected either by drawing back the hammer with the thumb or by pulling the trigger. Automatic, therefore, though the loading be, the cocking is otherwise operated, and the inventor claims that thereby the Belgian weapon is superior to the German, in respect that with the latter, where the shooter does not wish to fire more than one or two shots, his pistol has either to be put aside loaded, and at full cock, or made safe by the working of a safety bolt, or by the release of the parts drawn back against the compression of springs, a state of things that experts are said to have pronounced a defect in the German arms when used in the field.

Though less rapid in firing than the latter descriptions of pistol, the Pieper affords increased steadiness of aim, owing to the shorter travel of the trigger. Further, the bore is such that there is no loss of power whatever between the cylinder and the barrel, as is the case with the ordinary revolver. This latter advantage is possessed more or less by all the varieties of automatic pistol we have seen, and accounts, of course, for the great increase in velocity they exhibit as well as the longer range they command. It seems strange that English manufacturers have not ere now devoted attention to the automatic magazine pistol, which some people believe is destined to supersede the revolver before the next few years have passed over our heads. For the manufacture of revolvers England has long taken a leading place, Birmingham yearly producing large quantities of unsurpassed revolvers for military and other uses, but we think revolver manufacturers cannot long afford to ignore what has been achieved in the evolution of recoil-operating magazine pistols. Recoil has been used to play a part in other branches of gunnery, notably in the single-triggered shot-gun and the Maxim-Nordenfiet. It is likely, apparently, to play an equally important part in the future of our revolver of the present day.

CLAY-BIRD SHOOTING.

The shooting of inanimate birds from traps is a branch of sport with the gun that of recent years has made considerable progress in this country. In America, we know, "target" shooting, as it is there termed, has long been popular with all classes of shooters, there being more than 4,000 clubs distributed over all parts of the United States devoted to that form of shooting solely. Progress in this country in the same direction has been very much slower for several reasons. Chief of these is the fact that shooters in England have much greater opportunities of shooting game than is to be had by our American cousins. Game and wild-fowl, by the operation of our laws and the liberal expenditure of money in preserving, are more plentiful in these islands than in any part of the States, where young shooters are therefore obliged to have recourse to artificial means of training themselves in the use of the gun. The shooting of inanimate birds, introduced only five or six years ago to us by the Americans, has, however, been found to serve at least two very useful ends here. It has been of very great assistance to the conductors of the various shooting schools which have sprung up of recent years in the suburbs of London and Birmingham for the tuition of young men in the proper use of their guns, and it has provided game shooters during the close season, from February to August, with a convenient mode of keeping their hands in as marksmen at the various gun clubs formed within the last five years under the auspices of the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association. That association, by the formulation of rules and the giving of handsome prizes, has worked hard to promote the interests of clay-bird shooters and develop the sport. Every year has seen new clubs springing up and affiliating to the Inanimate Bird Shooting Association, while the shooting schools have introduced the shooting of clay-birds to every variety of sportsmen, with the result that clay-bird traps are now to be seen at work during the close season in the policies of many country mansions, affording many good shots something to do with their guns when debarred from using them on winged game.

The last two or three years have witnessed a wonderful improvement in the trapping apparatus and arrangements both in this country and in America. One of the foremost of the English clubs, and, perhaps, the best appointed in many respects in this country, is the Middlesex at Hendon, of which Messrs. Westley Richards and Co. are the armourers. A visit to the grounds of that well-conducted and flourishing gun club would convey more information to the shooter of the latest improvements in the mechanism and the working of clay-bird traps than columns of descriptive matter in type. At a meeting there during the season, when other shooting is at a standstill, it can be seen how smoothly and efficiently the trappers do their work in throwing the clays from the concealed trench in which the traps are placed. Everything goes on without a hitch as contest after contest for sweepstakes or prizes is speedily decided. One would imagine that improvement in the arrangements was impossible. But America has apparently taken a further step in advance in the meantime in regard to the mechanical delivery of clay-birds from the traps, as well as in the feeding of the traps themselves. The new trapping apparatus, which is known as the Repautrap, has recently been brought to this country, and to-day (Saturday) an exhibition of its powers is to be given by its inventor on the grounds of the Middlesex Club. It is manufactured by the Cleveland Target Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, and it is said to be able to throw clay-birds at the rate of eighty to the minute. Such rapidity of course is unnecessary for clay-bird shooting as now pursued, but it enables the services of all but a single trapper to be dispensed with, the claim of the inventor being that the Repautrap supplies the place of five ordinary clay-bird traps. It consists of an iron tripod working in connection with cranks and pedals, operating the trap and setting the arm of the throwing lever each time it is released, the supply of birds being fed automatically into the mechanism for delivery. We believe the working has already been demonstrated with satisfactory results on the grounds of one of the Birmingham gun-makers, but considerable curiosity is excited among metropolitan clay-bird club members as to the results of the trials to-day at Hendon of an invention which apparently promises to revolutionise the arrangements for clay-bird shooting with us, as it is already said to have done in the United States.

NEVIS.



THE best run since last I wrote has undoubtedly been Lord Galway's hunt on Tuesday week. Of course that country is too far away for most of us to hunt in. It will be readily granted that a man who lives within reach of the three best countries in England—I am careful to name no names—has no excuse for going far afield. Yet there is nearly always somebody who has seen a great run and is prepared to rub its excellences into those whose sport has been more common-place. So it happens that some record of Lord Galway's gallop has reached me. Hounds began to run fast on what was apparently the line of a traveller near Carlton. Through the coverts at Ling he

led the pack, the pace improving as hounds got nearer their fox, and they were on very good terms with him when the shrubberies at Colonel St. Leger's house at Firbeck enabled him to puzzle hounds a bit. However, a holloa from a man working near the house put Morgan right, and hounds dropped their sterns and raced over the park and right across the forest as far as Hodsock. There was again a moment's pause as hounds swung over the line where the fox had turned; but quickly casting themselves, they began to run back towards Firbeck. Only a few men saw the pack go into King's Wood close to a fairly beaten fox. There was no mistaking the sound of the chorus in the wood—it meant a fresh fox, and with never a pause or a check they went away on the new line, turning only once to the left near a village till Morgan stopped them at Newhall. The time was nearly three hours, and hounds and horses were going hard all the way. Truly a fine run, and one that deserves to be classed among what Lord Lonsdale calls "Historic Runs."

Wednesday, at Buckminster with the Belvoir, was very nearly being a very nice day indeed. The meet was a lawn meet, and our hosts were Lord Dysart and his sister, Lady Agnes Tollemache Scott. The Duke of Roxburgh was there, and there was also Lady Gerard, a less regular attendant at Leicestershire meets than she used to be. There were also a contingent of Melton ladies and men from the Quorn. From the latter I gathered that Walter Keyte has shown good sport, and that he has something of an old head on young shoulders. They tell me he is both patient, letting hounds make their own cast, and yet quick, catching hold of them without delay when they have done all they can. It is impossible to help regretting the old huntsmen whose names are connected with so many associations; yet we have some good young men coming on. The regular Belvoir men, too, had something to say about the Granby Gap fox, which gave the hunt their third good gallop (a veritable "Old Patch," with white marks on him) on Saturday. He never waits to be found, but responds to Capell's horn by going right away. To return, however, from the past to the present. Hounds trotted off to one of the plantations in Buckminster Park. There was no weary waiting, and the pack ran hard to Costen, and then there was the brook. One gallant captain rode boldly at it and went in, with no worse consequences than a ducking, but another well-known hard rider had rather a nasty fall. The horse pecked, and threw the rider, and then put his foot on him in getting up. There were a good many other falls, for the ground was deep and the ditches rather full. The fox twisted about a good deal, and seemed to try every covert he could find. However, from Brentingby to Melton Spinney hounds were too close behind to allow much time for twisting and turning, and had he not found an open refuge at Melton Spinney the end could not have been far off.

Thursday was a dreadful day, and the wind swept through Grantham Station as we waited for our train, scattering the contents of the bookstall in the direction of London. Lord Harrington hunted, but even that keen sportsman had to give it up while hounds were still on the line of their fox.

On Friday, as things happened, Newton Bar with the Belvoir suited me better than Keyham with the Quorn, and for once things turned out well, for the Quorn had but a poor day, as will be seen, while the Belvoir sport was nearly being very good. Newton Bar is a favourite meeting-place on the Lincolnshire side, and not far from the little town of Folkingham. This country wants a bold horse and a stout one, for the fences are not small, and the going (at all events on Friday) very sticky. To add to our difficulties hounds went away for twenty minutes from Hacey at a great pace and pretty close to their fox. There was one man who had much the best of it for the latter part of the way. For most of us hounds seemed to get further ahead the further they went. The ditches were awful to contemplate, full of water, and of a depth, as well we knew, unpleasant to think of. Most people who tried did get over them, though a big splash now and again told of grief. Not unwelcome was the check at Aunsby, on the slower hunt to Dumbleby. The pace had got very slow indeed by Kelly. The huntsman went back into Patman's Wood and came out on the line of a fresh fox, and a very bad one too, for he turned in every direction, and seemed to have no point; but, as such foxes often do, he beat hounds at last. This was quite enough for one horse on such a day, and many single horse owners turned homeward. As I read the above over it does not seem much, yet for those who could ride to hounds the first spin was quite as good as could be. Mr. Maurice Gifford is down here, living at Boothby, and going well in spite of his one arm. The Quorn, I heard later in the day, had foxes (of course) in Scaptoft Gorse and Botany Bay, but neither gave much sport.

In the Southdown country we have lately been treated to a series of gloriously fine days interspersed among pouring wet ones. Monday of last week was a sample of the former; it was essentially one of those days that make one feel, despite outside influences, that life in general is really worth living, and that hunting in particular is the best way of employing the three score years and ten. Pleasant indeed was the ride to Streat Green, where a goodly field turned up to welcome hounds. Blackbrook Wood was the first draw, and as we splashed up its muddy rides we trusted that Providence would be kind enough to provide a straight-necked fox, and one that preferred open country to woodland. At the present time a gallop round Blackbrook Wood and its neighbourhood would take more out of a horse than a smart run in the open. It was not until the adjoining covert of West Wood was reached that hounds succeeded in getting a fox on foot. Directly he faced the open a mighty yell reached our startled ears; in fact no more noise could have been raised had hounds suddenly found a mammoth or other pre-historic animal. All this uproar had the inevitable result of effectually heading our quarry, who at once changed his course from south to north. Our fox, with a philosophy born probably of a large acquaintance with the ways of the chase, resolved to "try again," and this time succeeded in getting well away by Wivelsfield. We soon found ourselves in an altogether impossible country. To take a sample of it, after getting out of a large covert one gallops across a stretch of grass, to find at the far side a small plantation perched on a steep bank which leads down to a stream. Having jumped into the covert, one probably finds oneself surrounded by a perfect network of the sharp-pointed snags of young trees that have been lately felled. One arrives at the stream to see that it is quite unjumpable; one then endeavours to wade through, at the great risk of being bogged. Sometimes the water is crossed by a narrow foot-bridge, which usually breaks down after the first dozen horsemen have used it, while you, who have been so patiently waiting your turn, are compelled to seek some other means of transit. When one at last gains the open hounds are nowhere to be seen, and one has to trust to luck to again get with them. This is a fair sample of the country we traversed as hounds ran towards Hayward's Heath. When this place was reached a left-handed turn took us across the London and Brighton line, and just beyond this a somewhat long check occurred; in fact, the pack never again seemed to get on terms with their fox. Slow hunting, therefore, was the order of the day when Cuckfield was reached, and hounds finally threw up in the coverts a mile or so to the south of this place.

As the day was now well advanced the word was given for home. It is with much regret that I have read that during this run one of our number had the misfortune to break his horse's leg at a nasty drop fence into a lane. The animal was a valuable four year old, and not long before the accident I was congratulating his owner and breeder on the possession of such a valuable young 'un.

Friday saw hounds at Edburton, and the usual crowd which characterises that day of the week was to some extent absent; this was not surprising, for the morning was ushered in by a south-westerly gale and driving rain, and the latter continued without intermission throughout the proceedings. Perching Wood

was called upon, and it quickly responded. The fox, unfortunately, soon took to the Downs, which were shrouded in mist, but the elements proved too much even for him, so he came down, and went to ground no great way from Truleigh Farm. We then drew Tottington Wood blank, but found in Horton Rough. Our fox then ran by Tottington and Truleigh Woods to Perchingsands, but scent was poor, and the pace in consequence moderate. A right-hand turn now brought us to Perching Wood, and although hounds took a good line into covert, he managed here to evade further pursuit. Many of the field now turned for home, and, with both boots full of water and clothes the weight of which had been doubled by reason of the downpour, I followed suit. X. & Y.

An Example for the Lambing Season.

THERE was a ewe last year, we forget where, who fulfilled the injunction to "increase and multiply and replenish the earth" to the extent indicated in the picture. Six lambs did she produce, and six lambs, so far as memory serves us, did she rear. Nor, judging by the group of lambs in good condition, did she fail to rear them well. So, in a joyous mood, the picture has been inscribed *O si sic omnes*, which is, being interpreted, "Would that all ewes would go and do likewise"; or, if a pun be permitted, it may be written *O si six omnes*. But really it is a counsel of perfection. The lambs look happy enough; the ewe is a trifle careworn. She is like the "old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do"; she has overdone her business of producing lambs; she has set an example which cannot be followed absolutely. But it may be approached at a respectful distance, and we venture, having regard to the genial character of the season,



E. J. Saunders.

"O SI SIC OMNES."

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to offer a severely practical hint. When Jacob served Laban, his master promised him all the ring-straked and spotted offspring of the flock; and Jacob, with that ingenuity which has been characteristic of his descendants, was not content to leave Nature to herself. On the contrary, he put up striped wands within sight of the flock, and the proportion of ring-straked and spotted offspring was large beyond all precedent. Similarly we are reminded of the case of a brown mare in foal, who, having been used in ploughing a field much frequented by black-headed gulls, produced a white foal with a black head. It is clear, therefore, that the parturient animal is influenced by the objects that meet her eye during this interesting period of her existence. There is no reason on earth why the influence should be confined to a mere matter of marking, or why it should not extend to numbers also. This picture, constantly brought under the notice of the ewes of the flock, may serve very well to impress their duty upon them. The principle to be instilled into them in sheep-Latin—why not sheep-Latin as well as dog-Latin?—would be "*sic vos non vobis agnificatis oves*."



PHEASANTS FLYING BETTER AFTER MUCH RUNNING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to thank Mr. John McConnel for his answer to mine on the above subject. I think it more than likely that the advice given me was suggested by the article in your paper, though my counsellor very surely will never admit as much. I should be very glad to hear any further opinions on the point.—P. L. M.

WHY OCTOBER 1ST?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The shooting seasons come and go, and one differs from another in the glory of its bags, but of one and all of them we hear one and the same complaint—"We

had to shoot our pheasants right at the beginning, because they're small coverts where the birds wander away, and the leaf was so thick we could not get at them." Or else the complaint is the same in substance, though it has taken a different expression—"We had to leave our birds till so late because the leaf was so thick that they had all wandered away, and we never got them." Or if it is not because of the density of the foliage; though in point of fact the foliage is always dense in these Octobers, it is because the poachers are on the alert for the wandering birds that the coverts have to be shot so early. There is no doubt about the fact—of the frequency of the lamentation; but it is curious that it seems to have occurred to no one to analyse it down to its cause. We shoot our pheasants too early, or if we do not shoot them too early we lose them—that is the substance of it all. We shoot them early because if we do not then other people, to whom they do not rightfully belong, will get them; but the reason of our compulsion to shoot thus early is not clearly seen. In truth, however, it is obvious enough—we shoot them when we do because pheasant shooting, according to all the traditions and all the calendars, begins on October 1st. Therefore it is that in October we must shoot our pheasants, if we do not wish our neighbours, undesirable or otherwise, to shoot them for us, or to "convey" them, as "the wise it call," by means more nefarious than honest shooting. "Pheasant shooting begins on October 1st." We read that in our almanacs, and accept it as part of the inevitable course of things, as part of Nature's plan, forgetting, perhaps, that it is really only a human ordinance, and, as such, liable to modification at human convenience. It is permitted, therefore, to ask "Why October 1st?" We believe that we can answer that question, too. In the days when that ordinance was framed, the shooting of the pheasant was not exactly what it is to-day. In those days the term "pheasant shooting" meant the very pleasant practice of going forth with a pointer, or in thick covert with a spaniel, and a muzzle-loading gun, which took some minutes in the reloading, and shooting the pheasant as he rose before the dog. The result of this method was that very few pheasants, comparatively speaking, came to the bag. But it was a method that had this advantage by way of compensation—you could go on practising it day after day almost all the season through. It was not a question of a three days' shoot, and then another shoot, at which "cocks only" is the usual rule, and no more shooting in those coverts for that season. This is our modern manner, and we find it pleasant. It would have been impracticable for our good forefathers who passed the ordinance appointing October 1st as the date for beginning to shoot pheasants, and most likely they would have found it altogether abominable. But for their style of shooting it is evident that October 1st was the right date to begin. They were not so very solicitous about their pheasants flying well; their study was rather to get them to lie close enough to give a shot. They were bound to be at them early, and were bound to be at them often if they were to make the bag at the end of the year in any degree respectable. They wanted all the time they could get for the business after the birds had arrived at years of discretion and were fit for table. But all these considerations that were so justly present with them do not apply to the state of affairs to-day. From every point of view it is desirable that we should shoot our pheasants not as early but as late as possible. They then fly better; they

can then be shot better, because the leaf will have fallen from the tree, and they are more "sizeable" birds for the table. Only, unfortunately, we are bound to shoot them earlier than we wish, in order to save them from the poacher, both the professional and the amateur. There is a way, however, by which we might protect ourselves from the marauding poacher and yet shoot our pheasants at a reasonably late date, and that is by shifting the date at which pheasants may legally be shot from that unreasonably early October 1st. Why not, rather, November 1st? That is about the date at which pheasants are ready to be shot and fallen leaves are ready to allow their shooting. We see no argument against it. Before November 1st, and before the pheasant became legal quarry, no poacher would dare to attempt its life. The game would not be worth the candle. It would be but a poor game, for no dealer would care to traffic in the illegally slain bird, and the candle would be a costly one, for the penalties of law-breaking of this kind, added to the strictly poaching penalties, would be severe. And there is another point of view from which the change of date would be desirable. It would be eminently to the advantage of the poultry rearer and fatterer, whose pullets fetch a good price until October 1st arrives and markets are glutted with pheasants, but finds prices sadly fallen "as the leaves do fall" in October. Under the auspices that we humbly venture to propose the prices might hold good until November, giving him another month in which to turn over his honest pennies. We believe that there is no single industry except that of the poacher, and possibly the game-dealer, that would suffer by the alteration of date, and every shooter, we cannot but believe, would accept it with joy. When we consider the reasons that guided legislators of the past in fixing the dates of the close seasons, we find that they were throughout reasons that were valid enough in the days of muzzle-loaders and of shooting over dogs, but scarcely applicable to days of quick-firing breech-loaders and of driving. And this in a measure, though not in so large a measure, is true of partridges, of grouse and of black game, as it is of pheasants. Where partridges and grouse are driven to the guns an extension of the close time by some fifteen days in either case would suit the shooter's book excellently; but the driving of partridge and of grouse is not universal, and where these birds are shot by walking them up or over dogs, the present arrangement is no doubt for the best. The system of beating pheasants towards the guns, analogous to the driving of partridges and grouse, is virtually, we may say, universal. Not one preserver in a hundred shoots his pheasants on the old method. Moreover, the seasons seem to grow later. Our severe weather seldom comes before the New Year, and leaves cling longer to the trees than when frosts came earlier. It may be that we are only in the midst of a brief cycle of these winters so late in their commencement, but there really seems some reason for a suspicion at least that our climate is changing in this regard. But enough of the arguments in favour of a later date for the commencement of our pheasant shooting. We seek in vain for arguments in favour of the retention of the date assigned to us now. Has the public to which we address these humble suggestions an argument in that sense with which it can supply us? It is true that for a month longer we should eat chicken instead of pheasant, but surely this gastronomic reasoning is an appeal to the lowest instincts of our nature.—H.

ANNUAL FLOWERS IN MASSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“Pemberley” would be much obliged if the garden Editor of COUNTRY LIFE would advise her as to what annuals to sow in four beds about 12ft. by 7ft. She would like to have each one colour and one flower—yellow, white, pink, and crimson, avoiding scarlet or orange. The beds now contain bulbs, so the annuals should be half-hardy, and bloom, if possible, from June into September. They should also not be more than 1ft. high. The following have been suggested:—White, Tom Thumb antirrhinum; yellow, nasturtium; pink, dwarf rose petunia; crimson, phlox Drummondii. “Pemberley” would be very glad to know if this could be improved on, and whether the above will answer the purpose of showing a mass of colour for more than three months. Also, would one packet of seeds provide enough plants?

[Your selection is a very good one. We like antirrhinums, or snapdragons, of distinct self colours, such as crimson, yellow, and pure white. Seed sown now will give sturdy plants for flowering this year, and a gentle hot-bed will give sufficient warmth. The antirrhinum is hardly made enough use of in English gardens, but is a showy flower, remaining long in bloom, and very handsome when massed. Avoid the striped or spotted forms. Of course, it is not strictly an annual, but may be treated as such, and we may say the same of the tuberous begonias, which, now seed can be obtained in selected colours, and remain true to those colours, are far more valuable plants than was formerly the case. We should almost be inclined to fill the beds with these, as they maintain a wonderfully rich display of colour for many weeks. You can get almost every imaginable shade. Nasturtiums are not so effective nor so reliable, and the flowers often conceal themselves amongst the leaves. We have been disappointed with the nasturtium as a flower for massing. The dwarf small-flowered rose-coloured petunia would make a bright display, so also would phlox Drummondii. We should use both these flowers freely, the colours being pure, and the flowers are produced over a long season. Beds of phlox Drummondii will keep fresh until quite the autumn. We like also seedling verbenas, which, like the begonias, can be obtained in distinct colours. There is something very quaint and charming about these. Pentstemons, too, are pretty towards the end of the summer and autumn, and may be treated as annuals by sowing seed at once. The lemon and orange African marigolds are very handsome in the early autumn, but are scarcely showy enough before. As you require such a long season of bloom, we think your best plan would be to fill one bed with a white (or nearly so) tuberous Legonia, a rose-coloured petunia, and verbenas or phlox Drummondii.

The only flower we do not care to mass for effect in your list is the nasturtium, or tropæolum, to write more correctly. A fair-sized packet of seed will give sufficient seedlings for each bed. There must be no delay in raising the plants.—ED.]

PALMS IN DEVONSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think it may perhaps interest your readers to see a tropical shrub grown in the open air in their native land. The beautiful palm (*Corypha australis*) of which I enclose a photograph flourishes in the soft climate of Devonshire, and has even withstood the famous blizzard which some years ago swept over the West of England. It is over 16ft. high, and its graceful fan-shaped leaves form a striking ornament in a garden already rich with rare plants from foreign lands. The shining green of its foliage in summer is only exceeded in beauty by its appearance when laden with dazzling snow or sparkling hoar frost, as it has been my lot to see it in a severe winter. —A. M. S. KNOX GORE.



MOLES IN GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me of any means by which we could get rid of the moles that are ruining our garden? They throw up heaps of earth over lawns and flower-beds, and no traps that we try seem to have any effect except to drive the moles a few yards further on to another part of the lawn.—M. A. R.

[We think the best way is to trap them, and in our long experience of gardens we have always found this plan answer best. One can pour petroleum and tar down the runs, but the moles only make other passages. We have also watched the little creatures at work, and crept quietly up to the spot and thrown them out with a spade. An old keeper, writing some years ago in the *Field*, said, "Shoot them. I have done it scores of times in my seed-beds, when the rascals had got 'up to trap.' Be out early in the morning with the gun when they are busy rooting, steal quietly to the place (up wind), get the gun almost perpendicular over them—muzzle about a foot or a foot and a-half from the ground, consistent with safety—watch until they commence to root, then blaze away. Dig down

afterwards; ten to one the mole is there, dead as a herring, although he has been six or eight inches below the surface." Perhaps some reader can add to what we have written respecting this question.—ED.]

SIGNS OF RAIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen in your issue of the 31st ult. a letter from one who asks others to give the signs of rain in their districts. Now we have a very peculiar sign here which I can vouch for as being pretty accurate. We have a stretch of strand on the Atlantic of about three miles long, running nearly north and south. For a day or two before rain the sea, when rolling in on the south end of the strand, makes a great noise, like the booming of cannon, no matter how calm the water may be. The more south the noise the nearer the rain, and the worse the weather may be expected. When the noise is at the north or town end of the strand, frost is generally expected in winter, and fine weather in summer. This sign is generally recognised for miles round here, and the remark is often heard: "We are near rain." "Why?" "Don't you hear the wave below."—WILLIAM SHORTIS, Ballybunion, County Kerry.

Photographic Competition.

THE conductors of COUNTRY LIFE, being in a position of great advantage for the appreciation of the merits of amateur artists in photography, have determined to do all that lies in their power to encourage the efforts of amateurs.

They therefore offer a prize of £5 for the best set of photographs illustrative of wintry scenes at or about an old country house. The photographs should be silver prints, preferably on printing-out paper, and not less than six in number, and must reach the offices of the paper on or before the 31st day of March, 1899. They must be carefully packed, and addressed to the Editor in a parcel marked clearly on the outside with the words "COUNTRY LIFE Photographic Competition." Each individual photograph must also, for purposes of identification, be marked with the name and address of the competitor.

The decision of the Editor in allotting the prize will be final and without appeal; and the Editor desires it to be known that in arriving at his decision he will take into particular consideration the important matter of choice of subject. Snow scenes and hoar frost effects offer, in his opinion, great opportunities, and when episodes in the life of bird or beast can be introduced, the pictures will certainly be regarded with a favourable eye.

The judgment of the Editor will be pronounced in the month of April, and the right of publishing reproductions of the winning pictures will be reserved. Apart from the prize-winning photographs, it is understood the Editor has the right to publish any photographs sent in on payment of 10s. 6d. for each one used.